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Letters

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Competing Theories

In "No Going Back" [February 3], Gabriel Winant's essay on my book *Goliath: The 100-Year War Between Monopoly Power and Democracy*, Winant dismisses the anti-monopoly tradition as a keystone of the New Deal. Unfortunately, to make his case, he relies on mischaracterizations.

Winant's central critique is that I frame "antitrust activists in the New Deal as the entirety of that project's egalitarian thrust." Not so. From veteran marches to rural electrification, Social Security, fiscal policy, and unionizing Alcoa, I point out many different actors and tools central to the New Deal project.

He claims I neglect the role of class and labor, leading me to wonder whether he read the section titled "A Worker Democracy" or the many references to labor. Or perhaps he skimmed over lines such as "We can no longer depend upon prosperity coming from the billionaire class," from Texas Representative Wright Patman, or missed the arguments about class I noted from Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Mellon, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and Louis Brandeis.

Winant bristles at the rejection of a fundamental antagonism between labor and capital. I find the conflicts were more complex than a simplistic dialectic. One chapter is about battles between anti-chain-store advocates and the A&P supermarket chain, similar to the conflict over Amazon today. It highlights the way small stores pressured A&P into cutting a deal to unionize. Winant suggests I don't realize that I hit upon a nerve at the heart of the New Deal, that I disdain unions as opportunistic. That's just not the argument. Higher wages at chain stores helped workers and created a better competitive environment for small stores.

There are many other mischaracterizations. Why, he asks, do I refuse to grapple with Patman's Southern heritage, considering the South's legacy of white supremacy? Notwithstanding that nearly every social movement in American history has been racist and that I do discuss race, many anti-monopolists I featured, like Brandeis, Hubert Humphrey, FDR, and Emanuel Celler, lived in the North.

The list goes on. Winant breathtakingly calls the argument that the Chicago School was influential a "conspiracy theory," ignoring intellectual history that doesn't fit into his dogmatic Marxist framework.

Winant has one useful contention. He sees an egalitarian America in the 1950s, a land of unionized giants, of "monopoly capitalism." Yet in that era, 57 percent of America's GDP came from small business; Eisenhower had antitrust suits against General Electric, Westinghouse, RCA, US Steel, DuPont, AT&T, IBM, Alcoa, and more.

Blindness to the anti-monopoly tradition has eroded the left's ability to participate in meaningful political disputes. In 2010 the proposal to break up the banks didn't come from the left but from a former head economist for the International Monetary Fund, Simon Johnson. Similarly, it is entrepreneurs and populists going after Big Tech and Chinese economic coercion.

While Marxists like Winant read out of history the dangers of centralization, it's important for those of us who realize something has gone wrong with our corporate structures to learn the history of corporate power, even if it uncomfortably challenges our assumptions.

Matt Stoller
Washington, D.C.

Gabriel Winant Replies

The nub of my critique of *Goliath* was that the book represents anti-monopoly

(continued on page 26)

The Nation.
since 1865

A Crowning Injustice

The Republican Party has acquitted President Donald Trump. That result was always the most likely outcome of the impeachment process. The inability of even 20 Republican senators to break free from the cult of Trump was widely assumed.

But it didn't have to go down like this. In their desire to appease a president all of them know to be a serial malefactor, Republicans adopted wild and discredited legal theories of executive power and privilege. To acquit a president, they crowned a king.

We should not be shocked that they've done this. Republicans feel empowered to free the president from all constraints because they never intend to be subjected to a Democratic president armed with these new powers. Republicans think they're on the cusp of locking in one-party control of the government. Their solution to the demographic changes that will soon see us become a majority-minority country is to forge a new theory of government, in which minority white rule can withstand the popular will.

All of the Republican strategies work to accomplish this. They suppress nonwhite voters and gerrymander districts. They protect and defend an Electoral College that functions to elevate the voting power of whites in low-population states over the will of popular majorities. And they have now explicitly authorized the president to use foreign influence to corrupt and steal elections, on the theory that the reelection of that president, by definition, is in the best interests of the nation. These are not the actions of a party trying to win political power; they're the actions of a party trying to exclude anybody else from having it.

The very last question Republican senators asked of Trump's lawyers during the trial gave away the whole game. Senators Mike Braun and Mike Lee asked if Joe Biden's alleged involvement in the Biden-Burisma conspiracy theory while vice president was impeachable. Trump's lawyers said yes. Having spent two weeks arguing that Trump could not be impeached for abuse of power or obstruction of Congress, attorney Patrick Philbin deadpanned that Biden *could* be impeached, under their theory.

The question and answer were threats: Should Trump fail to steal the next election, Republicans will do everything they can to impeach the Democratic winner. Should the Electoral College fail to produce a Republican president, they will do everything they can to impeach the Democratic winner.

And should Trump and the Republicans somehow manage to lose the White House and the Senate, despite the structural and criminal advantages they've given themselves, never forget who was presiding over this farce of a "trial": Chief Justice John Roberts, leader of the Republican majority on the Supreme Court. Any policy executed by popularly elected Democrats will be subject to review by federal courts stacked with conservative judges. These people are winning and intend to keep winning, forever.

In the face of the overwhelming power now held by conservatives, our only choice is to stick together. The impeachment trial has laid bare this reality with devastating clarity. Democrats, progressives, socialists, never-Trumpers, and any other left-of-fascist groups must live together—or die separately.

The coming election is our last stand against a party determined never to lose again. I believe that stand will be made more powerful by a candidate willing to fight the Republicans, not one trying to compromise with them. But any Democratic presidential candidate is electable, any Democratic senatorial nominee is viable, so long as people understand how dangerous the Republican Party has become and act accordingly.

Trump survived impeachment because the moderate and radical wings of the Republican Party held fast to their one true goal: defeating democracy. If the rest of us would like to save democracy, we better have the same singular focus.

ELIE MYSTAL

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Cover photo: Spencer Platt / Getty Images

BY THE NUMBERS

187
Countries (out of 195 total) that agreed to regulate the movement of plastic waste in 2019 under the Basel Convention; the United States declined to ratify the treaty

150
Containers of plastic waste (totaling 4,119 tons) that Malaysia repatriated to 13 mostly rich countries

100M
Estimated tons of plastic in the world's oceans

12%
Percentage of the world's municipal solid waste that comes from the US, which has only 4 percent of the world's population

6x
Quantity of plastic waste burned in the US versus recycled

35.4M
Tons of plastic waste generated by the US in 2017

—Meerabelle Jesuthasan

Docs vs. the AMA

The opposition to universal coverage is nothing new.

Last month, two major physicians' groups dealt a one-two punch in the fight for Medicare for All. On January 20, the 159,000-member American College of Physicians released a position paper arguing that a single-payer system or one with a robust public option would improve patient care and reduce costs. The next day, more than 2,000 doctors organized through Physicians for a National Health Program published a full-page letter in *The New York Times* prescribing Medicare for All for the nation.

Together, the actions signal the increasing militancy of doctors who no longer feel represented by the largest professional society in their field, the American Medical Association. Since its rise in the early 20th century, the AMA has served as the most powerful umbrella organization for physician advocacy and lobbying and has proved instrumental in defeating every campaign for national health insurance in US history.

That calls for single-payer are coming from outside the AMA reflects the reality that doctors are not a single class of workers with a unified political view. The American College of Physicians consists of doctors of internal medicine who largely work on the front lines of primary and preventive care, while the AMA is dominated by physicians practicing in lucrative specialty fields.

Doctors are not a single class of workers with a unified political view.

Even in the AMA, change is in the air. In June 2019, the medical students' chapter introduced a proposal to strike down the AMA's unconditional opposition to single-payer. The students were narrowly defeated, 53 to 47 percent, in the organization's policy-setting House of Delegates. Pressure from within has forced the AMA to withdraw from the Partnership for America's Health Care Future, an industry coalition of insurance and hospital lobbies opposed to single-payer. As public support for Medicare for All continues to enjoy widespread support, the AMA's inflexibility increasingly looks as if it could disqualify the group from a seat at the policy-making table in the future.

COMMENT

The recent actions have a long history. In 1937 a group of 430 prominent doctors challenged the AMA's blanket opposition to any form of health insurance, publishing a statement that was covered on the front page of the *Times*. In a direct rebuke to a decision that year by the AMA's House of Delegates to vote against a national health program, the statement declared that "the health of the people is a direct concern of the government" and that "a national health policy directed toward all groups of the population should be formulated."

The *Times* reported the statement as an indication "that open defiance of the authority of the [AMA] is spreading among many of the rank and file of American physicians who had been silently opposing the attitude of their leaders."

The revolt occurred in the context of rising health care costs amid the Great Depression, leaving vast swaths of the population without access to care. A 1937 report funded by the Works Progress Administration revealed that over 30 percent of Americans with a serious illness or injury within the previous year were unable to afford needed medical treatment.

That year, a survey of 2,100 physicians confirmed the prevalence of profit seeking in the medical profession and gave voice to their call for solutions ranging from voluntary insurance to a national health plan. A study conducted by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care revealed grave problems with the fee-for-service model, which resulted in spiraling prices and gaps in care.

The 1937 physician survey recommended group insurance and a reorientation toward primary and preventive care. But the AMA was vehement in its opposition to President Franklin Roosevelt's intention to include health care in the 1935 Social Security Act. Facing a fiery political campaign by the organization to resist any "third party [coming] between the patient and his physician in any medical relation," Roosevelt calculated the political costs and then dropped health insurance from the bill.

The collective action by the dissenting doctors was an effective move within the larger context of rising opposition to the AMA's profit-driven agenda. Despite its original goal of reining in the free market, the AMA did little to restrain doctors from making as much money as possible, even when patient care suffered. The AMA's opposition to any form of insurance was a dynamic typical of markets in which suppliers are organized and consumers are not. Protected from competition by a powerful industry organization, physicians could charge more for their services to patients, who dealt with costs individually.

By 1938, the government had begun to rethink its policy of allowing the AMA to regulate itself. Responding in part to revelations that local chapters of the AMA had punished physicians who accepted group insurance, the Justice Department charged the organization with a conspiracy to violate antitrust law for retaliating against doctors who broke ranks with "organized medicine." Later that year, New Deal lawmakers aiming to remedy the absence of health care coverage in the Social Security Act convened a National Health Congress in Washington, DC, to gather information on the shortcomings of the fee-for-service model. The following year, Senator Robert Wagner introduced a national bill to help states fund public health insurance.

Although the AMA was saved from having to battle this plan by the outbreak of World War II, by 1945 the writing was on the wall. Faced with the creation of the National Health Service in Britain and widespread popular support for nationalized health insurance at home, the AMA was forced into the defensive position of endorsing private and employer-based insurance models as the solution to the nation's health care crisis.

(continued on page 8)

Q&A EMMA COPLEY EISENBERG

In June 1980, two free-spirited young women—Vicki Durian, 26, and Nancy Santomero, 19—were on their way to the Rainbow Gathering, a hippie festival convening that year at the Monongahela National Forest in West Virginia, when they were shot and killed while hitchhiking in nearby Pocahontas County. If Emma Copley Eisenberg's *The Third Rainbow Girl* were a traditional true-crime narrative, the story of their deaths and the search for their killer or killers would be the engine that drives the book. But Eisenberg is up to something more complex and harder to pin down.

The Third Rainbow Girl is part of a wave of books upending true-crime tropes and pushing at the boundaries of the genre. If this is a book about murder, it is also a book about the history of economic exploitation in Appalachia, the systemic biases of the criminal justice system, and the unreliability of memory.

—Rachel Monroe

RM: The book opens with you stating who was killed, who was convicted, how that conviction was overturned, and how a serial killer claimed responsibility for the murders. It makes *The Third Rainbow Girl* the opposite of a whodunit.

ECE: I wanted to make sure up front that the reader knows the point of reading is not to solve the case, because this crime is unsolvable. So you learn everything that happens in the case in the first five pages. There's no surprise about what happens but, I hope, a great deal of surprise about why it happened and what it means.

RM: Were there other pitfalls of the true-crime genre that you kept in mind as you were writing?

ECE: I was trying to be very sensitive to dealing with the literal bodies of women—the ways that dead white women are often used as symbols. I tried to make Vicki and Nancy be real people—flawed and strange and not standing in for some concept but just *humans*. I found it really interesting and important that they didn't have the bodies of the stereotypical dead girl. Vicki was short and described as bucktoothed, and the fact that neither of them was thin was commented on a lot. I appreciated that about their bodies, and I tried to make those truths apparent, to not idealize them and make them these dead beauty pageant queens.

RM: Can you talk a little bit about the history of Appalachia and why it was important to include the economic and material history of the region?

ECE: These ideas of what Appalachia is, who lives there, what they want—a lot of those stem not from truths about how Appalachian people have behaved but from the workings of capitalism: It is in our best interests to make people whose land we are stealing and mining seem less than. I encourage everyone to seek out the many books about the history of Appalachia—*Ramp Hollow*, by Steven Stoll; *White Trash: The 400-Year Untold History of Class in America*, by Nancy Isenberg; *What You Are Getting Wrong About Appalachia*, by Elizabeth Catte, among many others.

There's also a tendency to see Appalachia as a monolith, as only white, when in fact, that's extremely not true. There's a long history of people of color making their homes in Appalachia. And there is also a long history of openness around gender fluidity and queer life that is almost never talked about.

RM: There's that great detail in the book about West Virginia's high trans population.

There's also a tendency to see Appalachia as a monolith, as only white, when in fact, that's extremely not true.

ECE: Exactly, yeah, the highest population per capita of trans young people of any American state.

RM: Can you talk about the opportunities of the genre—what about it can be fruitful?

ECE: The true-crime genre is blossoming into this space for stories about injustice and social issues as they play out in the criminal justice system. True crime is being harnessed as both something that publishing industry people can recognize as something that sells and that social-justice-minded people are aware of as a space for important stories. That those are coming together now, more and more, is really exciting. I hope to see a lot more stories in this vein being published that highlight people of color, trans women, and rural people. ■

SYLVIE ROSKOFF

NATION NEWS

A Basic Income

The latest podcast from writer and activist Mia Birdsong and *The Nation* examines how a guaranteed income could transform people's lives.

Birdsong first encountered the idea of a guaranteed income in the writings of Martin Luther King Jr. dating back to 1967. In them, King argued that if we provided everyone with a basic level of material security, all Americans could flourish.

At first, Birdsong says, she thought this sounded ridiculous. As she notes in episode 1, "Free money went against everything I'd learned about being a respectable citizen. But people change, and our ideas evolve. I no longer think guaranteed income is absurd."

***More Than Enough* is a four-episode series that explores the concept of a guaranteed income through discussions with experts as well as with people who experience poverty in America.**

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Join Birdsong as she examines the meaning of work, inequality, and most important, what America is and can be. *More Than Enough* is available wherever you get your podcasts.

Katha Pollitt

Excuse Me, Ms.!

Gender-neutral language has been a long time in the making.

Recently, I got some blowback on a feminist listserv when I said I was thinking of writing about "Latinx," the new gender-neutral replacement for "Latino" and "Latina." Why was I, a non-Latinx, writing about it?

Never mind that no one, including myself, knew what I would say, or that "Latinx" is an English word and that as an English-speaking person, I have a certain stake in its usage.

The same goes for other "x" words—"Mx." as a genderless honorific, "womxn," and yes, "alumnx"—to say nothing of "they" as a singular pronoun. Still, the discussion reminded me that there is a rich conversation already going on about "Latinx" that I was ill prepared to take part in without more research and interviewing. So I'm staying in my lane. Let's talk about words for women!

Take "Ms." According to *The New York Times Magazine*'s erstwhile word expert Ben Zimmer, this replacement for "Mrs." and "Miss" was first proposed in 1901 by an anonymous writer to the Sunday *Republican* of Springfield, Massachusetts, who suggested it as a way around awkward social situations with strangers. "To call a maiden Mrs. is only a shade worse than to insult a matron with the inferior title Miss," the person wrote. "Yet it is not always easy to know the facts."

"Ms." went nowhere until a young civil rights worker, Sheila Michaels, fiercely promoted it on WBAI's feminist show *Womankind* in the runup to the Women's Strike for Equality, which took place in 1970. The publicity put "Ms." on the map. *Ms.* magazine started in 1971, and the rest is herstory.

Even so, it took a long time for "Ms." to become standard. To a lot of ordinary people, including women, it seemed outlandish: How do you pronounce it? Why does it have a period when it isn't an abbreviation? Wasn't it enough that a chairman was now a chair (my husband, a Brit, still thinks that's hilarious) and a garbageman a sanitation engineer? (The brilliant cultural historian Jacques Barzun spent years arguing, with no success, that the "man" in these words did not mean "male person" but was derived from the Sanskrit *manu*, for "human being.")

The writer Louise Bernikow remembers being asked if her name was Manuscript Bernikow, after the abbreviation for "manuscript" ("MS"). The *Times*' top editor, Abe Rosenthal, banned "Ms." from the paper until 1986, the year he retired. I remember reviewing books back then and being tasked with ferreting out the marital status of women authors in order to figure out which word to use.

At *The New Yorker*, where I was a proofreader and copy editor in the 1970s, the all-powerful editor Mr. William Shawn didn't get it at all. He thought "Ms." was a fig leaf for unmarried women—a less embarrassing synonym for that poor, lonely social failure "Miss." Indeed, many wives were proud to be a Mrs. Husband and probably still are.

But "Ms." turned out to foreshadow the ongoing move toward inclusive language. And ultimately, it took hold because it made sense. Why should women be identified by marital status when men are not? "Ms." meant newspapers didn't have to track down a woman's marital status, it solved the problem of what to call women after divorce and widowhood, and besides, "Miss" sounded so fussy and Victorian. As marital status become more fluid and women grew more independent, it just seemed troublesome and also not all that important to identify women by whether they were married. The gender-egalitarian argument suited the times as it did not in 1901, especially as other female identifiers like "poetess" declined.

"Ms." turned out to foreshadow the ongoing move toward using inclusive language. And it took hold because it made sense.

I asked members of a women's studies listserv for their memories of the word's early days. It surprised me how deeply liberating "Ms." was. Women wrote about insisting on the word as pharmacists and bankers and salespeople tried to force them to use "Miss" or "Mrs." They wrote about its deeper emotional resonance, too. "When I divorced in the early 1980s, I felt militant using the label Ms.," wrote Diana L. Gustafson. "The title was a signifier of my battle in my home life to be seen, to reject the division of labour in a marriage that seemed to be attached to the title Mrs."

TOP RIGHT: ANDY FRIEDMAN

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The changes that stick seem to be the ones that parallel an ongoing social change and fill a true gap in the language.

TJ Boisseau wrote, "The term 'Ms.,' to me, recalls all the feminist history that my mother conveyed to me…while we were sweeping, or folding, or stirring, or putting away whatever it was that needed never-ending tending. Women's work became bound up in my mind with the work of the feminist movement, and those conversations with my mother were why I became a historian of women and of feminism."

I was also surprised by how much resistance to the word still exists. Gabriela Torres, who lives in Massachusetts, told me that she still has to fight for her own name: "My children's school system as well as my pediatrician routinely refer to me as either mom or Mrs. Husband Full Name. My name and independent personhood [are] erased by both, and I am dismissed and still looked at as ridiculous when I challenge their use of the Mrs."

It's easy to pooh-pooh language innovations offhand; I'm kind of a traditionalist myself when it comes to "x" and "they." Many or most of these linguistic mutations fall by the wayside. "Womyn" never really caught on, nor, unfortunately, did the practice of shedding your father's last name in favor of your mother's first name plus "child," following the example of the radical feminist Kathie Sarachild. I could have been Katha Leanorachild all this time!

Most married women still take their husband's last name, including many who are strong feminists, like my daughter. The changes that stick seem to be the ones that parallel an ongoing social change and fill a true gap in the language while allowing for breathing room and the convenience of older usages. "Garbageman" is still in use, while the euphemistic "sanitation engineer" has morphed into "sanitation worker" or "garbage collector."

What lies ahead for "Latinx," "Mx.," "womxn," and, Lord help me, "alumnx"? Will "mxn" replace "men"? If you live long enough, you'll probably find out. ■

(continued from page 4)

The AMA has long framed its opposition to nationalized health care as a defense of the individual freedoms afforded by the free market. The irony, of course, is that its founding mission was to limit the depredations of the unregulated market by halting the "free trade in doctoring" that characterized the United States until the latter half of the 19th century. It has consistently subverted health care reform to maintain the profitability of the care physicians provide. The resulting situation—with life expectancy lower and infant mortality higher in the United States than in comparable high-income nations, despite health care spending that is roughly double—is the consequence of policy half-measures: private and employer-based insurance instead of universal coverage, as well as federal subsidies for an industry charged with policing its own costs.

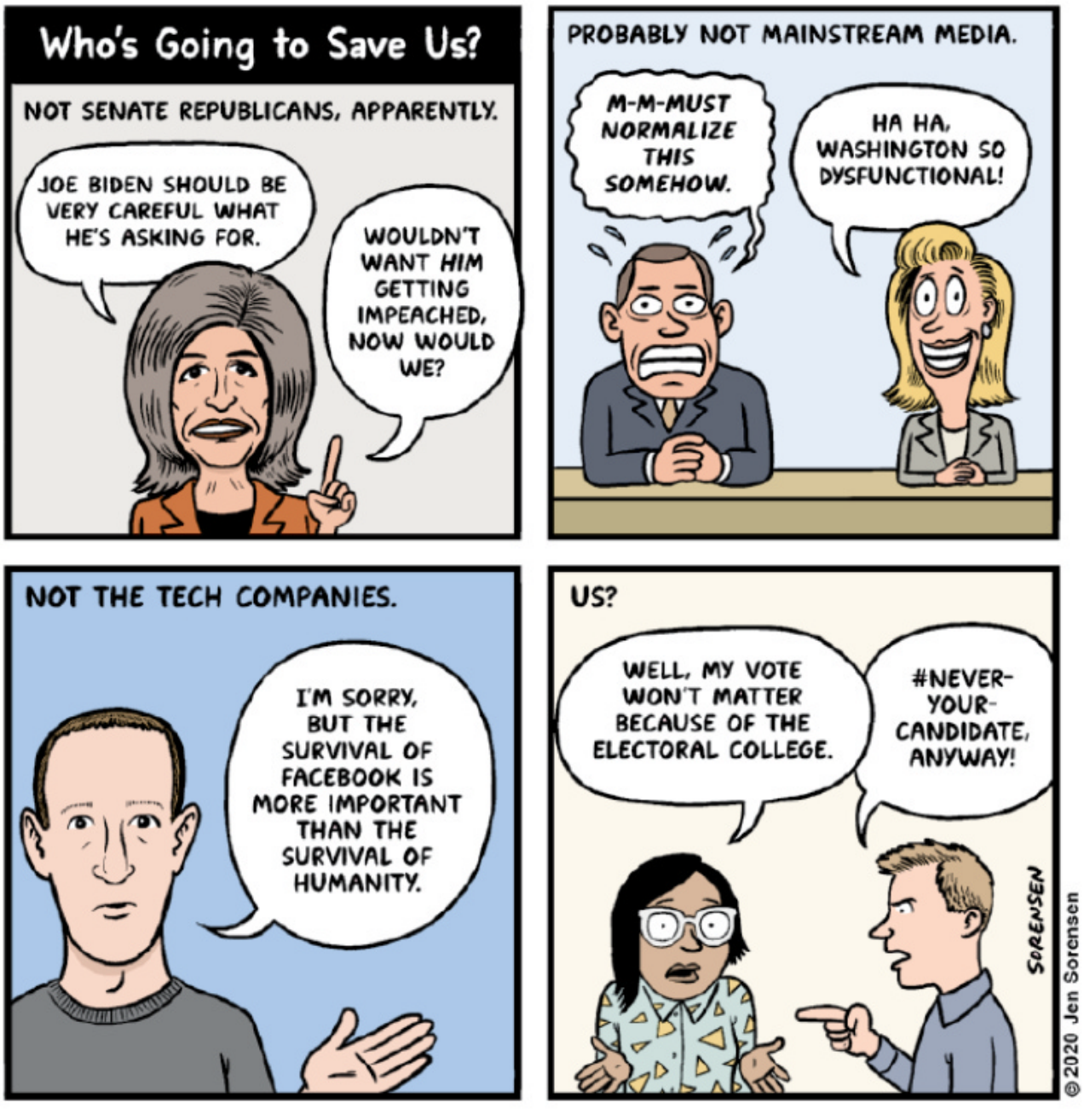
The current physicians' revolt calls for an end to such half-measures. The American health care crisis has unfolded with one consistent theme: the profit-seeking factions of the medical profession attacking universal coverage to produce a fragmented group of medical consumers without organized power. Single-payer would put an end to the core failing of coexisting private and public coverage: Private insurers will always seek to offload those requiring the most expensive care onto the government payer.

The physicians' 1937 rebellion called for a national plan that would provide for the entire population. After 70 years of attempts to achieve this through private or semipublic insurance, more and more doctors at the front lines of the health care crisis in America today are speaking clearly: Universal coverage can be achieved only through Medicare for All. The question is not whether these doctors will succeed in demanding reform but whether the AMA will finally join them. DANIELLE CARR

Danielle Carr is a PhD candidate at Columbia University writing a political history of brain implant technologies.

COMIX NATION

JEN SORENSEN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WOULDN'T WANT HIM GETTING IMPEACHED, NOW WOULD WE?
PROBABLY NOT MAINSTREAM MEDIA.
M-M-MUST NORMALIZE THIS SOMEHOW.
HA HA, WASHINGTON SO DYSFUNCTIONAL!
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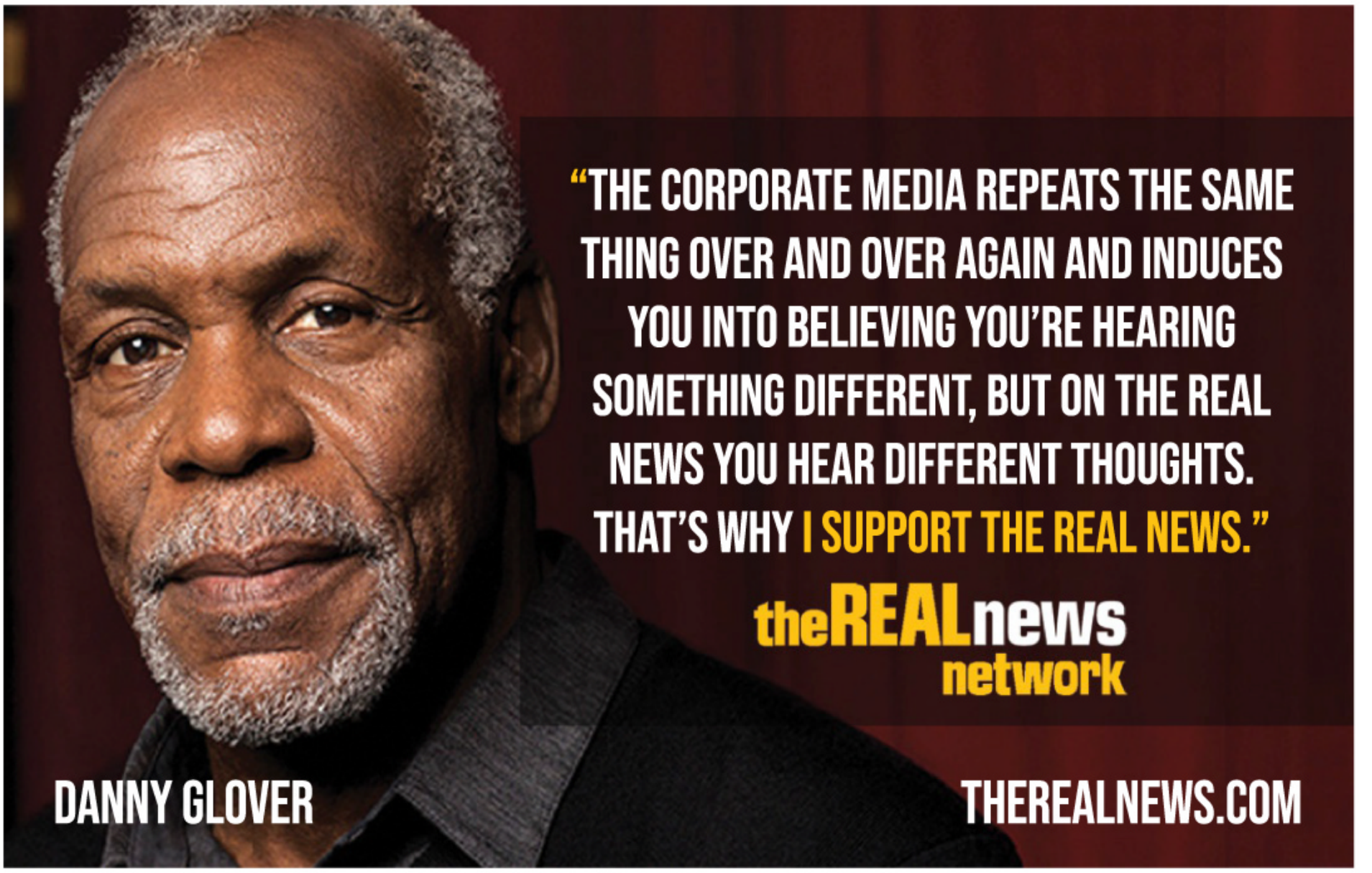
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Denying Help

South Dakota's GOP-controlled House of Representatives passed a bill on January 29 that would criminalize medical care for trans youth, making it a felony for doctors to provide hormones, puberty blockers, or surgery for anyone under the age of 16.

A study published in February in *Pediatrics* found that those who wanted and received puberty blockers were less likely to have a history of suicidal thoughts or suicide attempts by their mid-30s. As Quincy Parke, a 17-year-old trans student, told the South Dakota House, "As someone who researched my own treatment options and someone who this bill would directly affect, what you're doing is not preventing harm. You are actively denying medical treatment to children who have such strong feelings of disconnect from their bodies that over half of them are or have been suicidal at some point in their lives."

This year, according to the ACLU, at least 25 anti-LGBTQ bills have been introduced at the state level. "This is one of the most hostile starts to a legislative session that we've seen, certainly in the last five years, with respect to anti-LGBTQ bills," Chase Strangio, the deputy director of the LGBT and HIV Project at the ACLU, told *Mother Jones*. "Not just in the number, but in the content of the bills and in the swiftness with which they were introduced."

Filed as the Vulnerable Child Protection Act, HB 1057—which passed 46 to 23—is now headed to the majority-Republican state Senate, where it is expected to pass. —Taliah Mancini

BOTTOM: KATHY WILLENS / AP PHOTO

Shuja Haider

The Middle Ground Fallacy

Pundits pretend it's possible to be nonideological.

The most tedious cliché in political writing comes from W.B. Yeats's 1919 poem "The Second Coming": "The centre cannot hold." Yeats was anticipating the apocalypse, but it has become a convenient shorthand to describe any deviation from business as usual. According to *The New York Times*, the poem "was quoted more in 2016 than in any other year in three decades."

The reasons for the resurgence are obvious. The election of Donald Trump made it difficult to be certain where the center even was or had been after eight years of ostensible ideological stability. As the 2020 Democratic primaries commence, the center is in question once again. The party appears fundamentally split. As New York's Representative Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, affiliated with the Democratic Socialists of America, told *New York* magazine, "In any other country, Joe Biden and I would not be in the same party, but in America, we are."

Statements like this have made Ocasio-Cortez the object of suspicion in the Democratic establishment. "Political science has generally found that, all things being equal, the electorate tends to punish ideologically extreme candidates," says liberal pundit Jonathan Chait at *New York*. His target, primarily, is Bernie Sanders—with some lesser admonishment reserved for Elizabeth Warren, who "at least tries to couch her positions in a framework of reforming and revitalizing capitalism that is intended to reassure ideologically skeptical voters." The closer to the center, the wisdom goes, the better your chance of winning.

In *The New York Times*, Ezra Klein argues that "To win power, Democrats don't just need to appeal to the voter in the middle. They need to appeal to voters to the right of the middle." But this vaunted middle ground seems increasingly mythical.

Hillary Clinton described her 2016 strategy against Trump as "occupying from the center-left to the center-right." The fetish for holding the center—and by implication, not troubling oneself unduly with coherent and consistent principles—was perhaps most candidly articulated by Senate minority leader Chuck Schumer when he said, "For every blue-collar Democrat we lose in western Pennsylvania, we will pick up two moderate Republicans in the suburbs in Philadelphia, and you can repeat that in Ohio and Illinois and Wisconsin." This was, of course, a losing strategy.

Barack Obama paradoxically defined and obscured the location of the political center. His pet aphorism for his approach to foreign policy, "Don't do stupid shit," epitomizes his stance. The structures of society are fundamentally sound, it suggests—so much so that they don't even need much explication and should be allowed to operate without interference. Obama is rehashing this position for the current (deeply bifurcated) primary season. It should come as no surprise that he counsels inertia. Speaking to an assembly of the Democracy Alliance, an organization of liberal donors, he questioned the wisdom of "political revolution," as Sanders has called for:

"Voters, including Democratic voters and certainly persuadable independents or even moderate Republicans, are not driven by the same views that are reflected on certain, you know, left-leaning Twitter feeds or the activist wing of our party. This is still a country that is less revolutionary than it is interested in improvement…. The average American doesn't think that we have to completely tear down the system and remake it."

That "average American" is the ghost in the machine of centrism. The center is meant not to articulate itself. It is the "silent majority" Richard Nixon invoked in 1969: those who did not attend anti-war demonstrations, whose silence was taken as consent. It cannot be defined on its own terms but only in relation to its surroundings. Yet the poles of a political system are defined by its outer limits. The assumption that those who are reluctant to take a side have occupied a middle position is a false one. The truth may be that they find themselves outside the system entirely, not seeing themselves represented in it.

> *Those reluctant to take a side don't necessarily occupy a middle position. They may find themselves outside the system entirely.*

After Trump's election, the philosopher Alain Badiou suggested that "the contradiction between Hillary Clinton and Trump was a relative contradiction and not an absolute one; that is, a contradiction in the same parameters, in the same construction of

the world." Indeed, their membership in common social circles, captured on camera on many occasions, suggested that even the real differences between them had limits. It was at the margins, Badiou hypothesized, in Sanders's candidacy, that it was possible to glimpse something "beyond the world as it is."

Without this foresight, the limits of the centrist philosophy can become endlessly recursive, like a Mandelbrot set. Dismissing Sanders as too extreme, the *Times*' editorial board elevated the pursuit of the center to new levels of farce in its 2020 presidential endorsement. After describing competing Democratic visions (one that considers Trump "an aberration" and one that considers him "the product of political and economic systems so rotten that they must be replaced"), their resulting "break with convention" was an act of cowardice: the dual endorsement of chosen representatives of each vision, Amy Klobuchar and Warren.

This would all be comical if it were not so dangerous. It should be plainly clear, by historical example, by logic, by any semblance of a moral compass, that there are matters in which the truth is not in the middle but in what is right against what is wrong. This year, liberal equivocation is personified by Joe Biden, whose purchase on the electorate is rapidly declining, and Pete Buttigieg, whose media presence has been elevated to levels far beyond his meager support—effectively zero among African Americans, one of the most crucial Democratic constituencies.

While pundits call for a return to the center, young people have been energized to participate in politics by a candidate they see as taking a side, to a far greater extent than any other candidate in memory. The question is whether the rest of us will have the courage to share their vision. Those who continue to call for holding the center may do well to remember different lines from the same poet: "Too long a sacrifice / Can make a stone of the heart." SHUJA HAIDER

Shuja Haider is an editor at Viewpoint Magazine *and a contributing writer to* The Outline.

It should be plainly clear that there are matters in which the truth is not in the middle but in what is right and what is wrong.

SNAPSHOT

Urgent Care

Work on Huoshenshan Hospital in Wuhan, China, nears completion on February 3. After just 10 days of construction, the emergency field hospital—which has about 1,000 beds and 1,400 medical staffers, according to state media—admitted its first patients diagnosed with coronavirus pneumonia.

STRINGER / ANADOLU AGENCY VIA GETTY IMAGES

Calvin Trillin
Deadline Poet

THE VOTE TO ACQUIT TRUMP

He lies about how much he owns.
But one thing's true, and very scary:
The US Senate has become
His wholly owned subsidiary.

The Nation.

Traveling back to his native Indiana,
Darryl Pinckney reports.

BLACK VOTER PROBLEM

Mayor Pete has a...

South Bend, Ind.

I WAS BORN IN THIS STATE AND HAVE A HORROR OF ITS SMALL CITIES. INDIANAPOLIS—MY HOMEtown, where my family is buried and where some of my best friends still live—was bad enough. I have not been back in a while. But I spent the icy Martin Luther King Jr. holiday weekend in South Bend, talking to black people about former mayor Pete Buttigieg and his presidential campaign's difficulties with black voters, and his efforts to rectify the situation.

We come to where the East Race is reunited with the main course of the St. Joseph River. Here, the river is a rebellious churn of swirls and eddies, in a hurry to get somewhere. Trotting up a flight of concrete stairs, we pick up the East Bank Trail, which incorporates a former railway and will take us all the way up to the edge of the Notre Dame campus. The asphalt is smooth and wide, and the daylight is now peeking through between leaves under a canopy of trees that arches over us, as if the city were nowhere near. From my office on the fourteenth floor, most of the city looks like a forest, and in the summertime you would never guess that whole neighborhoods sit below the dark green carpet of treetops.

—Pete Buttigieg, *Shortest Way Home: One Mayor's Challenge and a Model for America's Future*

Buttigieg's blend of coming-of-age memoir and campaign manifesto reveals the obsessive, weird inner focus of the achiever who made up his mind to do great things at an early age and embarked on the error-free path. Born in 1982, a winner of the Profile in Courage high school essay contest, he met Senator Ted Kennedy and gave an address at the John F. Kennedy Library. An undergraduate at Harvard in 2004, when TheFacebook.com was launched, he studied, among other things, Arabic, having fallen for Tayeb Salih's *Season of Migration to the North*. Buttigieg remembers the novel as being about an Arab graduate student's sexual conquests among British women. Although he doesn't say so in his memoir, we know that Buttigieg taught himself enough Norwegian to read *Naïve. Super* by Erlend Loe, a coming-of-age novel about a graduate school dropout. James Joyce learned Norwegian in order to write to Ibsen of his deep admiration, and Buttigieg's title is a reflection of the soft spot he says he has for *Ulysses*, in which Leopold Bloom muses, "Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home."

As a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, Buttigieg studied the analytical tradition in philosophy, lessons that would come back to him as an elected official obliged to adopt a utilitarian approach to policy: what brings the greatest good to the greatest number. He writes that as an associate in the Chicago office of McKinsey & Company, the "pinnacle of smart and useful analysis in the business world," he became fascinated by "the nature of data." But the rewards of the private sector could not answer the hunger of one called to service.

Purposeful, humorless, corny, sincere—Buttigieg offers idealism, not ideology. In his white shirts and dark ties, he looks like a Mormon missionary.

He was offered a place on Barack Obama's Senate campaign but chose to work for John Kerry instead. Buttigieg watched from Arizona the convention speech that made the future president famous. In 2008, he took time off from his job to knock on doors in Iowa for Obama. And he was preparing to act on his belief that it was a failure of the postwar political elite to avoid military service. He survived the vetting that goes with getting a top security clearance and in 2009 signed on as an ensign in the United States Navy Reserve. Buttigieg tells us, perhaps too often, that in 2014 he had to take time off from the South Bend mayor's office because he'd been called up for a seven-month deployment in Afghanistan.

A failed campaign for state treasurer and, after winning two terms as mayor, a strategically useful but unsuccessful bid to become chairman of the Democratic National Committee put some starch in his political collar. "Meet Pete," his early signs read. He was one of those "impatient millennial products of South Bend," dreaming of a city administration that kept its "public character" but ran on "business principles." In 2011 he finally got his chance when the long-serving Democratic incumbent mayor of South Bend decided to step down. Buttigieg took office in 2012, sharing 9/11 with his generation as a formative experience and also a simmering resentment about corporate cynicism in the Great Recession of 2008.

Purposeful, humorless, corny, sincere—Buttigieg offers idealism, not ideology, and his claim to be an agent of good governance comes from having revived a city that *Newsweek* once dismissed as part of the dying industrial Midwest. "Good policy, like good literature, takes personal lived experience as its starting point." Mayor Pete—everyone calls him that—is the butch voice of this sensitive flyover country. In his white shirtsleeves and dark ties, he looks like a Mormon missionary but projects a Macron-like, slightly-out-of-it technocrat's air, and I don't understand the criticism that says his meeting with Al Sharpton showed that he did not know how to eat chicken. In *Shortest Way Home*, Buttigieg remembers that he was in Brookville, Indiana, in the summer of 2010 when it broke the world record for the amount of chicken served at one sitting: 1,645 pounds.

Bird-dogging Mayor Pete: Protesters with Black Lives Matter outside a Buttigieg campaign visit to a homeless shelter in Los Angeles.

LEFT: SPENCER PLATT / GETTY IMAGES; RIGHT: RICHARD VOGEL / AP PHOTO

Darryl Pinckney is the author of High Cotton, Black Deutschland, *and* Busted in New York and Other Essays.

Face-to-face: Angry attendees at a campaign event in Des Moines, Iowa, confront the candidate.

"WHY ARE THEY PICKING ON HIM ABOUT THE black vote?" Dr. Janet Evelyn demands. Caribbean born and a former president of Ivy Tech Community College in South Bend, Evelyn acts as a campaign surrogate, speaking on behalf of Buttigieg. "If Kamala Harris had the black vote, she'd still be in the race," she tells me. "If Cory Booker had the black vote, he would still have been in. Why are you only focusing on Pete?"

We're sitting in one of the carefully staged parlors of the inn where I was staying, once the kind of mansion that tormented Theodore Dreiser's unhappy youths. It suddenly comes to me that I am nearly twice Mayor Pete's age. Evelyn is on her way to South Carolina. I ask why his polling numbers in that state are so low among black voters. She says they didn't know him. She also says that 40 percent of the Buttigieg volunteers are black or Latino. She mentioned Nina Smith, his black traveling press secretary. Mayors aren't superheroes; they're servants of the people, she says. And from her experience, Mayor Pete was a true servant of the people.

He'd been ambushed by protesters in Iowa. "If you are Black Lives Matter South Bend, why are you in Iowa?" Evelyn wanted to know. She added that some people were just showing off for CNN. Yet Buttigieg's controversies with South Bend's black citizens during his tenure as mayor provide a convincing explanation for why he has not been able to make himself more popular among black voters elsewhere in the country.

Shortest Way Home is not told chronologically. It moves by theme and anecdote, sometimes taking a while to circle back. Buttigieg seems uncomfortable in his account of what happened with black South Bend. He recalls deciding on a new approach to dealing with gang-related violence when the homicide rate started going up as he began his first term in 2012. "Controversially, I hired an outsider from Massachusetts to fill a vacancy in the position of police chief." He doesn't say at this point in the book that South Bend's new white police chief from Boston replaced the city's black police chief—a man he at first asked to resign and then demoted because of a wiretapping scandal that had put the newly reappointed chief under an FBI investigation.

Buttigieg inherited the FBI problem when he took office. Late in his book, he writes that the South Bend Police Department needed reform but he mistakenly put off tackling the issue. Darryl Boykins, the incumbent black police chief (whom Buttigieg does not refer to by name), was well liked and had built confidence between the black community and the police department. But the internal politics of the department "boiled over." Boykins allegedly confronted white officers in the department with tape recordings of their conversations that would embarrass them if they became public. "Some phone lines in the department were connected to recording equipment used for interviews and investigations," Buttigieg writes, "and the officers had been recorded on that equipment without their knowledge…. Enter the Federal Wiretap Act." He notes that "making such recordings or disclosing their content can be a felony." The recorded officers complained to federal authorities, and a few weeks into his new job as mayor, Buttigieg got a message, "thinly veiled but quite clear, from federal prosecutors: the people responsible for the covert recordings needed to go, or charges might be filed."

"If Kamala Harris had the black vote, she'd still be in the race. If Cory Booker had the black vote, he'd still be in. Why are you only focusing on Pete?"
—Janet Evelyn

He got bounced into it, he seems to be saying. He phoned Boykins and accepted the resignation that the police chief offered. "The reaction was instant and fierce." Community outcry led the police chief to change his mind about quitting. But Buttigieg had lost confidence in Boykins's leadership. The mayor demoted the chief to the rank of captain. "As of this writing, I have not heard the recordings, and I still don't know if I, and the public, ever will." Buttigieg says that the deeper meaning of the controversy had to do with trust between the black community and the police. It affected his relationship

PATRICK SEMANSKY / AP PHOTO

with the black community for years. He also had to explain why, in 2015, he used the loaded phrase "All lives matter" in a State of the City address when discussing racial bias. Last June, after a black man, Eric Logan, was killed by a white police officer, Buttigieg suspended his campaign in order to attend a town hall meeting. The killing remains the subject of a special prosecutor's investigation, and the tapes scandal is still tied up in the courts.

It's hard to present yourself to black voters as a fresh start in presidential politics when you're associated with cases easily portrayed as unresolved because of police cover-ups.

Evelyn was quick to say that Eric Logan's brother had marched with Mayor Pete. Maybe getting dogged by the old accusations was proof that Mayor Pete's candidacy was real.

I spoke with Vernado Malone, a founder of the group Justice for South Bend, about Logan's death. At 3:30 in the morning on Father's Day in 2019, Logan, 54, left a group of his friends who had been planning a cookout for their children. Malone said that based on what the police chief, Scott Ruszkowski, told them, a police officer meant to tase Logan, who was said to have been breaking into a car, but pulled the wrong weapon. Delivering Logan to the ER himself instead of calling an ambulance, the officer may have exacerbated Logan's wounds. The officer's body camera wasn't turned on. Malone contended that there was no blood at the crime scene, a parking lot. It had been cleaned up, he said, the evidence further tainted when an officer touched the car Logan had supposedly tried to break into. Malone also claimed the police woke the white owner of the vehicle in question and coached him on what to say.

Malone observed that the police said Logan was holding a knife. Malone was adamant that black men in his part of town did not carry knives: "We carry guns." Therefore, he did not trust the police version of events.

The community, Malone said, asked that the officer involved be suspended without pay. Buttigieg refused. "He didn't correct the problems, and they became a mistake."

There may be a new mayor in South Bend now, but the Board of Public Safety, the civic authority charged with investigating the Logan shooting, was Buttigieg's old board, its appointees too close to the city and the police to be anything but ineffective. The police couldn't be trusted to investigate themselves. There was no civilian oversight committee because "they" didn't want one. No charges have been filed against the officer. The Urban League doesn't exist in South Bend anymore, and the city's NAACP chapter is dormant.

I DIDN'T GO ON A TOUR OF BLACK SOUTH BEND OFFERED by Theodore Randall, a professor of anthropology at Indiana University South Bend. However, he tried to give me a general picture of the grievances the black community might have against Pete Buttigieg, including that he's seen as not being from South Bend but from Notre Dame, where his parents were high-powered faculty. They sent him to Catholic schools; he didn't come up through the public school system. He was the mayor of downtown but not of the rest of the city, and blacks have won a meager percentage of government construction contracts. Some people minded 1,000 Houses in 1,000 Days, his program to replace benighted and derelict housing around the city. I couldn't see for myself whether or not there were holes where structures had been demolished but nothing rebuilt in their place in black areas.

Randall urged on me recent articles in *The Root* and *The Young Turks*. In an article for *TYT Investigates*, Jonathan Larsen challenges Buttigieg's assertion that he has no way of knowing what's on the tapes from the Boykins scandal. Larsen claims that Buttigieg's lawyers asked someone who knew what was on them. The conversations on the tape have been characterized by some sources as racist and include discussion about pressuring Buttigieg to get rid of the black police chief. *The Root*'s Michael Harriot examines the decline in the number of black police officers on the South Bend PD since the scandal broke, going in a short period from just under 12 percent, or 29 of 244 officers, to slightly over 6 percent, or 15 officers. Black people make up 26 percent of South Bend's total population.

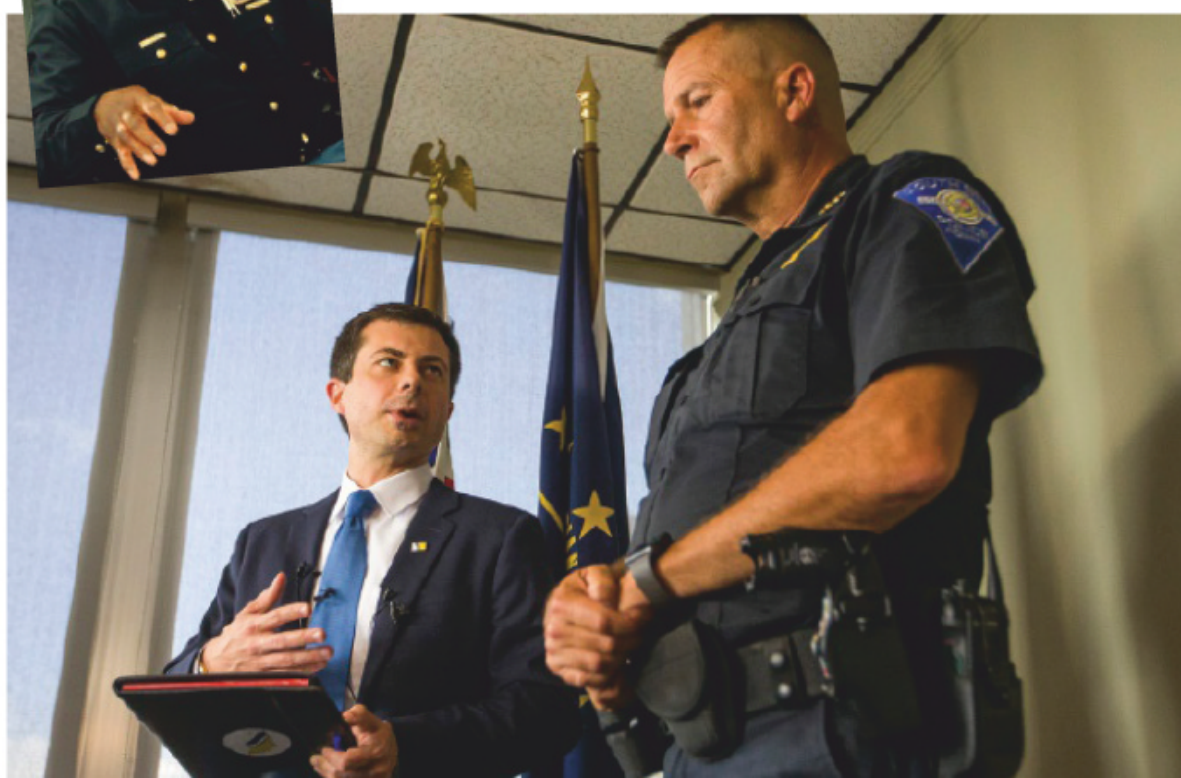
The community asked for the officer to be suspended without pay. Buttigieg refused.

Randall also recommended I watch the Black Lives Matter South Bend media call concerning Buttigieg, during which Buttigieg's old foe on the Common Council, Henry Davis Jr., insisted Mayor Pete isn't naive, called him no better than Trump, and said black people are being harmed by his leadership. Davis didn't believe Buttigieg had even 4 percent black support nationally, as the polls were saying. "You're not trying to do it. You don't want to do it, sir," Davis fumed.

Black Lives Matter's national spokesperson, Melina Abdullah, denounced Buttigieg for representing a liberal white supremacy that sustains the oppression of black people in spite of its rhetoric in favor of diversity. It was an insult, she said, for him to equate his being gay with the black experience. She said he's not working for the black vote; he seems to think that strong showings in Iowa and New Hampshire will mean he won't have to. She said Buttigieg is just blaming black people for not voting for him because he's gay.

Randall introduced me to two leaders of Black Lives Matter South Bend, Jorden Giger and E-Lexus Thornton, thoughtful, intelligent, questing young math teachers.

Most teachers in the South Bend public school system are white. Giger and Thornton said they despair of getting through to their students, of being able to make up for what they lack at home, starting with parents who don't know what to do, who themselves do not understand school. They



Black and white and blue: Former South Bend police chief Darryl Boykins (below); Buttigieg with the current chief, Scott Ruszkowski (bottom).

TOP: SHAYNA BRESLIN / *SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE* VIA AP; BOTTOM: ROBERT FRANKLIN / *SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE* VIA AP

spend a lot of time showing their classes that they are the bosses. They both have thick afros and look as with-it as any black youth.

And yet they shrugged off what having a same-race teacher in math may mean to their black middle school students. Thornton had been president of the Society of Physics Students. We assured them that some of their students will remember them for the rest of their lives. The young teachers, close friends, looked away, off toward a noisy table at the Linden Grill, a popular black restaurant where we sat for some time, making a mess.

Giger said that for him, Buttigieg was not the candidate to lead the nation in the 21st century because of his record in South Bend. He spent so little money on the black community while he was in office. He was too clubbable, made pals too easily with the old city network of white interests. "He doesn't want to own his black problem," Giger said. "He just wants to say he has black friends." Both he and Thornton repeated to me the complaints against Buttigieg made in the press and on social media, one of them being that his campaign is a media creation.

Giger was the host of the Black Lives Matter South Bend media call. Mixed in with their criticisms of Buttigieg was the sense that he had used South Bend as a stepping-stone, that he had known all along he was just passing through. Janis Joplin once talked about the small-town blowback she got when she returned home a star. "This raggedy-ass city," Giger said. "The Democratic Party is dying, and he's a symptom of it." Thornton is from elsewhere, but Giger came of age during Mayor Pete's time in office. It seemed odd that Buttigieg, only 38 years old, should be the object of what seemed to me their generational scorn. For them, hip-hop is political. Cardi B would be as good a candidate as anyone.

"Every time we say, 'This generation will be different.' You have to be able to reach them, and we're not. Because nothing ever happens for them," Thornton said of his black students. It was hard to counter their "inability ever to believe they will ever get out of our situation." What he said of his students, I wanted to say of him and Giger, their teachers. Giger said he'd held out against Afro-pessimism, but now…

Buttigieg "doesn't want to own his black problem. He just wants to say he has black friends."
—Jorden Giger

There is an element of people going after Buttigieg because they can. Approval of him is power over him, and the longer it is withheld, the more important the fence-sitter appears. Black Lives Matter in Buttigieg's case gives off an atmosphere not unlike some Me Too cases: You will never be forgiven. However, Abdullah seemed to hold out the possibility that if Buttigieg addressed the problem nationally and admitted his shortcomings, then black people—the "forgiving tribe," Jill Nelson once called us—might get over the hurt he caused us in South Bend. But that is also trying to establish control over him.

A young white Buttigieg campaign worker, Sean Savett, and a young black colleague, Rodericka Applewhaite, expressed frustration with what they saw as a narrative that got going because people kept repeating it: Mayor Pete has a problem with the black vote. We were in the Chicory Café, a hipster locale that could have been cited in Buttigieg's book as another sign of downtown revival. The two alert, cautious campaign workers were so prepared to defend Mayor Pete that my questions abandoned me. They did smile when I said I liked the campaign's website and videos.

I'd wanted to talk to them about Buttigieg's Douglass Plan, an extraordinary document about investing in black America that, regrettably, is suffering in the weather arising from its author's perceived failure to side with black South Bend in any controversy with the white man's police force. Most of the black people I spoke with gave the same answer when I asked if they'd read it: Not yet.

The Douglass Plan is written in the language of reparations. Indeed, Buttigieg calls for a committee to propose reparations policies to Congress. "America's racist structures were built to justify and perpetuate slavery, and by achieving greater equity for Black Americans we lay the groundwork for achieving greater equity for other people of color as well."

A technocrat's version of call and response, the plan has several components in which problems are identified and solutions proposed. A national health equity strategy would "prioritize anti-racism." The Douglass Plan speaks of health equity zones and accountable communities of health and the underrepresentation of black people in health care. In the area of education, the Douglass Plan proposes using Title I funding to increase teachers' pay. It also pays particular attention to the mission of historically black colleges and universities.

The Douglass Plan seeks to end the War on Drugs, proposing to legalize marijuana, eliminate the prosecution of drug offenses, and improve police recruitment practices. It also calls for a reduction of sentences, the elimination of mandatory minimums, the formation of a clemency commission, and, importantly, the abolition of private prisons. It sees the end of so-called broken windows policing and the abolition of the death penalty by constitutional amendment. It envisions a 21st Century Voting Rights Act as well as something called the Walker-Lewis Initiative, named for 20th century black entrepreneurs, to address the inequalities of capital and asset accumulation in the black community. The Douglass Plan also proposes a 21st Century Community Homestead Act and a public trust for investment. This provision is crucial, given the astronomical cost projections of most direct reparation plans.

It is a document meant to be discussed, not summarized, drawing on sources ranging from the Institute for Criminal Policy Research and the Black Economic Alliance to *Ebony* magazine and the Brookings Institution—a sign, maybe, of Buttigieg's style: the accumulation of data, continual evaluation with a goal in

Shoulder to shoulder: A bronze statue in South Bend depicts the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, a longtime president of Notre Dame, with Martin Luther King Jr.

BECKY MALEWITZ / *SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE* VIA AP

mind. Were Buttigieg's name not attached to the Douglass Plan, we would be talking about its political descent from the black nationalist manifesto of the National Black Political Convention held in Gary, Indiana, in 1972 or its systemic reach, as called for in the manifesto of the Movement for Black Lives. The Douglass Plan says the District of Columbia should be a state.

The king of Dyng: Mayor Pete presides over South Bend's celebration of Dyngus Day, a Polish festival held on the day after Easter.

I SCRAPED THE SNOW FROM THE plaque at the base of the statue Buttigieg proudly refers to in his book, an almost life-size bronze of the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, beloved president of Notre Dame, hand in hand with Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., commemorating the moment in 1964 when they demonstrated together in Chicago. *Shortest Way Home* is not *Dreams From My Father*. Its coziness of memory, its protectiveness toward South Bend, says everything about the racial divide and the different experiences of growing up white and black there. Buttigieg is tender in his recollection of those drunken, Polish celebrations of Dyngus Day. However, he resembles (or models himself on) Barack Obama—in his bipartisan inclinations, in the value he puts on being able to work across the aisle, in his public displays of an always equitable temper. And also in how he has been able to be openly gay in the most mainstream of political arenas.

Back during Obama's first campaign, the word was that his advisers didn't want him to call too much attention to his being black. After all, he needed only to show up to get the point across. Buttigieg, on the other hand, had to go publicly from situational passing for straight to being out and in office. We blush for him in the romantic paragraphs of his book when he remembers going down on one knee to propose to Chasten at the airport. He has been criticized for not being gay enough. Something similar was once said about Obama not being black enough. Buttigieg has a difficult task, saying he's not the status quo while having to get across that he is, indeed, normal. Except he isn't. He's not really a privileged white male. Insides matter.

"'But there is this one little thing,'" I remember Evelyn saying, quoting a black woman in South Carolina explaining her main reservation concerning Buttigieg. We get offended that the black community is said to be antigay, as if white communities weren't also homophobic, but I kept hearing black people in South Bend say, "You know how they are down South."

"Get over it," Minister Deb Franklin said with a flash of her hands after the 8 o'clock service at Mount Carmel Missionary Baptist Church. Buttigieg is devout. The morning's soloist sang, "Don't give up on God / This ain't the time to do it anyway, y'all," and I thought, not for the first time that weekend, how like a bloc the black vote seems from a distance and how far across the political spectrum the black vote stretches when viewed up close.

I thought, not for the first time, how like a bloc the black vote seems from a distance and how far across the political spectrum it stretches when viewed up close.

Marla Godette, the dynamic organizer of the very emotional annual Martin Luther King Jr. America's Sunday Supper, held in a large downtown hotel, said she did not like to be told that because she is black, she ought to vote in a certain way. "Quit worrying about who I am and come help me."

It's something of a manipulation to complain that the black vote is being taken for granted, I said, when everyone has been saying that no one is going to win without it, that the Democrats can't choose someone black voters will stay home on, as many did with Hillary Clinton. But then black voters are so morally opposed to Agent Orange's gangsterism, have so had enough of Republican Party collusion that the split between moderate and progressive factions in the Democratic Party was maybe not as meaningful to them as the question that cannot yet be answered: Who can win? I wondered if the longing for community radiated by every speaker at the supper wasn't gratified by the black vote being a bloc vote once the primaries are over. Black people for the most part do not vote against their own interests—although not voting is a form of voting for the wrong side. Voter suppression is another matter.

At this point, Godette's jovial husband confessed that he was a Republican. He thought Trump would win a second term. I was shocked. We'd been having such a good time.

The next morning, I tiptoed down the stairs of my landmark inn. On the way out of town, along the two-lane highway, we passed a white kid, hooded up and puffing through the snow along the blue side of the road. His job had to be up ahead, in one of the Pizza Huts or gas stations in the early-shift lights. In 2018 unemployment was just 3.2 percent in Indiana and 3.7 percent among blacks there. But much of it may be underemployment, without benefits, for instance. My Caribbean taxi driver of a certain age had scarcely mumbled a whole sentence to me over the weekend. Finally he relented and became the only black person I'd met in South Bend who supported Joe Biden. "Obama worked with him." Most of my cousins are for either Elizabeth Warren or Amy Klobuchar. I decided I'd be the queer cousin for Pete Buttigieg. ■

ROBERT FRANKLIN / *SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE* VIA AP

"THIS IS WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE"

Voices from the front lines of a climate direct action campaign.

WEN STEPHENSON

"This is a really big train": Protesters blockade a coal train in West Boylston, Massachusetts, on December 7, 2019.

Bow, N.H., September 28, 2019

On a bright, sweaty Saturday in late September, a group of about 50 determined people marched down freight tracks toward the mountain of coal that rises at the rear of Merrimack Station, the last big coal-fired power plant in New England. Dressed in white hazmat suits and singing and drumming on large white buckets—and with dozens more stationed behind them at the plant's front gate and several hundred supporters assembled at the ball field across the street—they intended to shovel coal from that toxic mountain into those buckets, removing fuel from the fire of climate catastrophe, literally and symbolically. This reporter was among them. I wore Tyvek and carried a bucket in my hand.

Earlier, on August 17, in what the organizers called a signal action to gain attention and recruits, eight of our number had walked quietly into the unguarded rear of the plant in broad daylight and removed some 500 pounds of coal without incident. Some of it they delivered to the steps of the New Hampshire State House in Concord. The message: If politicians refuse to address the climate emergency, there are ordinary people—young and old, from diverse backgrounds and walks of life—who will.

Where the tracks split off into the coal plant, the marchers were met by state and local police behind newly erected concrete Jersey barriers. We knew that if we crossed those barriers, arrest was certain. Calmly and deliberately, we gathered around, reaffirmed our collective purpose, and moved forward. Many were arrested, while roughly half, myself included, made it through the police line untouched and kept walking. A hundred yards down the rail spur, at the rear of the plant, we saw a phalanx of state troopers in full riot gear moving toward us on the double in tight formation. They carried long clubs. Their visored helmets glinted in the sun. A police helicopter hovered in the clear sky.

Sixty-seven people were arrested at the Bow plant that day. We went peacefully, as we had come. The front page of the Sunday *Union Leader*, the state's leading newspaper, called it "the largest New Hampshire green action since the 1970s."

But this was not a one-off protest. The action on September 28 marked the launch of a sustained, strategic, New England–wide grassroots campaign of nonviolent direct action. Calling itself No Coal, No Gas (nocoalnogas.org) and organized by the Climate Disobedience Center and a regional coalition of other grassroots groups, including 350 New Hampshire Action, the campaign aims to hasten the end of fossil fuel use in New England, starting with coal—and, equally important, to build a strong, unified community of nonviolent resistance, committed for the long haul.

What follows are a few of the voices in that campaign, ordinary people responding to this extraordinary moment on earth.

* * *

"Our signal action, when a few of us went with the buckets and shovels—yeah, that was my first time doing any kind of direct action," Emma Shapiro-Weiss, 28, told me. Born near Medellín, Colombia, and raised by her adoptive parents in Killingworth, Connecticut, she is a fellow with 350 New Hampshire.

"I remember we were on our way to the coal plant, and it was a very dramatic scene as you're approaching. You see the top of the coal plant come out of the trees, and your heart drops a little bit because you know you're headed in there and that's the belly of the beast.

"It was a very different kind of anxiety I felt on September 28. You're going in, like, pretty sure every single one of us is going to be arrested—and knowing you're going to be met with such an extreme police force. But there was also a power, like, 'We are not sneaking around. We are walking down the road. We are yelling in the streets that we are doing this.' And they just have to watch us and then arrest us.

"I remember feeling a real sense of freedom. We are removing our consent from this system, and we are not asking for anyone's permission.

"There's been so much support. My local state rep came up to me and said, 'I want you to help me get arrested.' And I said, 'I'll get you to a training!'

"I definitely have the financial privilege to do this. My parents were like, 'We will bail you out of jail.' But I am a young woman of color, and I felt like I really needed to do it—that I didn't want to rely on everyone else to do what I think is necessary right now."

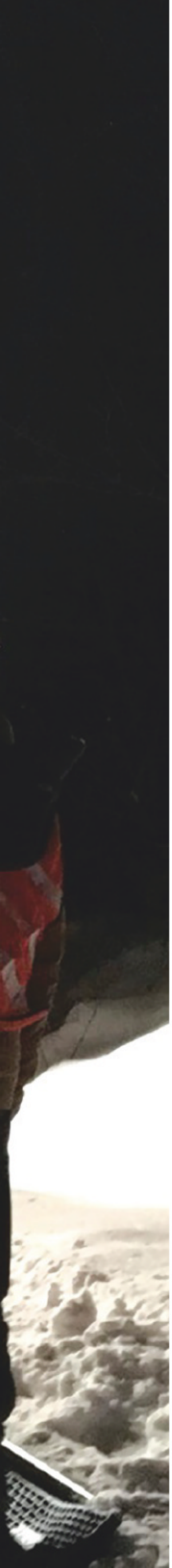
"I remember feeling a real sense of freedom. We are removing our consent from this system, and we are not asking for anyone's permission."
—Emma Shapiro-Weiss

* * *

"It was this glorious sunny day in September, and there was a weird mix of jubilation and joy and this extra sense of 'No, this is for real,'" said Dana Dwinell-Yardley, a 33-year-old graphic designer from Montpelier, Vermont. She fell in with the Climate Disobedience Center after joining the Next Steps Climate Walk from Middlebury to Montpelier in April 2019.

"As we neared the Jersey barriers, we circled up, and there was an intensity and power in being still for a minute, listening to each other. I

Dressed for violence: New Hampshire State Police arrive to arrest nonviolent protesters at the Merrimack Station power plant on September 28, 2019.



LEFT: NO COAL, NO GAS CAMPAIGN

Into the belly of the beast: Protesters with the No Coal, No Gas campaign march toward the Merrimack Station coal-fired plant in Bow, New Hampshire, September 28, 2019.

was surprisingly calm. There was some part of myself that's like, 'Dude, you should be freaked out.' Then my friend Sonja said, 'I want us to stop chanting and yelling. I don't want to cross those barriers because of anger. I want to do this with love.'

"And then we just moved forward, and people helped each other over the barriers, and people were holding hands—real seriously, like, lines of people holding hands. And there was a line of, like, 10 to 12 cops, and a bunch of people got arrested, and some of us stayed with those people, and the rest of us kept walking.

"And then I saw that line of storm trooper state police coming toward us, the dust rising, and I was like, 'This is a movie—*what*?' And that was when I was scared. Those people were obviously dressed for violence. And one of the other leads had the groundedness and the brain left to say, 'OK, let's circle up. Let's decide what to do.' And I was just so grateful to that person. It was my first time being arrested.

"At first we were quiet. The state police came and surrounded us, and I was not too sure what was going to happen. There was a young woman from Maine, and she was trying not to cry. She was like, 'I'm not going to cry in front of the cops. I'm not going to do it.'

"And we all said some encouraging things to each other, like, 'Remember why we're here.' And then it was silence, and there was this awkward moment, like, 'Am I just going to stand here and wait to be arrested?' And so I started singing—that was the thing I knew how to do. And I didn't sing very well. My voice was cracking. I was afraid. But it was, 'We just have to keep doing this. This isn't about being a beautiful singer.' It was just about—'staying alive' is too dramatic—reminding ourselves of being alive and being humans and feeling love and feeling conviction and staying in that part of ourselves.

"I colead a women's singing circle on Tuesday nights, and I kept thinking, 'Oh, I've been practicing for this day for so long without knowing it.'"

* * *

"It was so crystallizing," said Jay O'Hara, 37, a Quaker from Cape Cod now living in Portland, Maine, and one of the founders of the Climate Disobedience Center. "We have a giant dinosaur of a coal plant, this 19th century technology, and there are literally troops of riot police armed to the gills, with helicopters and ATVs, protecting an enormous pile of coal. It is absurd that in 2019 we are using a quasi-military force to protect a pile of fucking coal.

"It's great that people are in the streets, that people are lobbying, that people are protesting at their capitols. Those are all critical parts of a fully blossomed movement ecology. And yet there's something unique about going into the belly of the beast and being able to point out the failure and complicity of our economic and political systems. And we don't have to look any further than the array of state power that was on display in defense of this enormous pile of coal.

"The work of a direct action campaign is to create that moral clarity."

"And then I saw that line of storm trooper state police coming toward us, the dust rising, and I was like, 'This is a movie—*what*?'"
—Dana Dwinell-Yardley

A signal action: One of the eight people who removed coal from Merrimack Station, Bow, New Hampshire, August 17, 2019.

Hooksett, N.H., December 8, 2019

WINTER ARRIVED, AND THE CAMPAIGN ENtered a new phase, focusing on the freight trains that resupply the Bow plant. The plant runs only a few weeks per year, producing less than 1 percent of the region's electricity, but its owner, Granite Shore Power, will receive "forward capacity payments," or subsidies, of more than $188 million from 2018 to 2023, with the costs passed along to ratepayers. In November eight US senators from New England, including Bernie Sanders

TOP: JOHNNY SANCHEZ; BOTTOM: NO COAL, NO GAS CAMPAIGN

and Elizabeth Warren, sent a letter to ISO New England, the regional grid operator, stating that its market rules appear to favor the fossil fuel status quo.

On December 7 and 8, a freight train bound for Bow, 80 cars long and carrying 10,000 tons of coal, was stopped three times by protesters (following standard railroad safety protocols) in a series of rolling blockades—at West Boylston and Ayer, Massachusetts, and at Hooksett, New Hampshire—resulting in 24 arrests and many hours of delay. At Hooksett, south of Bow, two experienced young climbers positioned themselves on a railroad truss bridge over the Merrimack River, with dozens of supporters on the tracks and the adjacent pedestrian bridge. Temperatures were in the single digits. The blockade held for more than five hours before the climbers surrendered themselves—peacefully. They were charged with trespassing and resisting arrest.

* * *

"We were up there on the bridge for several hours, just me and Johnny," said Leif Taranta, a 22-year-old from Philadelphia who is a senior at Middlebury College and a rock-climbing instructor. Last fall, they (Taranta identifies as transmasculine nonbinary and uses "they" pronouns) studied at the Autonomous University of Social Movements in Chiapas, Mexico.

"Sometimes it was very beautiful. There were these pigeons, and they would fly around us, all lit up by the sun, and there was the river below, and it was all icy. It was quite beautiful, like the sun on the railroad beams, which were all rusty and glowing red.

"And everybody below, our supporters, were singing the whole time, which was lovely, because there were also a lot of hecklers on the pedestrian bridge, shouting things like, 'Don't be a wuss. Just jump!' Or telling the cops to turn the fire hose on us or to teargas us or shoot us. They kept saying that we should die.

"I've been thinking about how do you talk to people who are against you but not your enemy? Like the hecklers—I was so angry. But I was like, 'You are not my enemy. This plant is hurting you. I'm doing this for all of us. I don't want to hurt you at all.'

"There's a lot of desperation in the world right now, and sometimes when someone sees someone else doing something powerful and hopeful, that's really scary.

"We are all individuals tied up in these systems, and we're just saying no to them. And that's hard, and it's dangerous to the system, and it's sometimes dangerous to ourselves, and it takes a lot of practice. So I hope some people see what we're doing and are like, 'Wait, I can remove my consent. I can say no.' Because, yeah, we're all tied up in it.

"This whole thing is about being honest with others. And it's also about being honest with ourselves and with each other."

* * *

"When Leif and I were up on the bridge after the rest of our group had been taken away, the cops and the firefighters used a lot of psychological tactics," Johnny Sanchez, 24, told me. A grad student in sustainable agriculture at the University of Maine, he grew up on the Ohkay Owingeh Reservation in New Mexico, near the Rio Grande—the waters of which he has seen diminish dramatically since he was a child.

Not your enemy: Johnny Sanchez (front) and Leif Taranta (rear) scale the railroad truss bridge in Hooksett, New Hampshire, December 8, 2019.

"This one guy, who quote-unquote came up to 'rescue' me, at one point looked up at me and was like, 'What's your name?' And I said, 'Johnny.' And he said, 'Johnny what?' And I said, 'Sanchez.' And he said, 'Good—I want someone to be able to tell my kids what your name is if I die rescuing you.' Things like that, really trying to shake us.

"I've been thinking a lot about what it means to have skin in the game when it comes to climate change as a global catastrophe, because that's what we're facing. I think that everyone has skin in this game, whether you're an activist or a politician or a police officer or, you know, a train conductor. And it's important to think about the people who either don't know that they have skin in the game or who choose to ignore it.

"And even though all these cops and firefighters are saying these pretty terrible things to us, I hope that they realize we're fighting for them, too."

"Everyone has skin in this game.... It's important to think about the people who either don't know that they have skin in the game or who choose to ignore it."
—Johnny Sanchez

Wen Stephenson, a frequent Nation *contributor, is the author of* What We're Fighting for Now Is Each Other: Dispatches From the Front Lines of Climate Justice.

Ayer, Mass., December 7 and 8, 2019

Saturday, December 7, dawned clear and very cold in Ayer, a modest, picturesque town 35 miles northwest of Boston and proud of its railroad heritage. That morning, some 25 eager souls arrived at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church—a small, historic parish a good stone's throw from the freight tracks—whose priest had offered its space as shelter for the blockaders. A quarter-mile south down the freight tracks is a small rail yard, through which the north-bound coal train would pass at a crawl.

I was the lead organizer of the action at Ayer. We spent a long day and sleepless night in the church, waiting for word that the blockade in West Boylston, just north of Worcester, had succeeded—and then that the train was moving north again. It wasn't until 3:40 am on Sunday, standing in the snow along the tracks with my fellow scout and flagger, numbed by the single-digit cold, that I placed the emergency call that stopped the train as it pulled out of the yard and then ran to get in front of the engine. On the tracks, my comrades' faces shone defiantly in the blinding lights of the train. Twelve of us were arrested and taken to the Ayer jail.

NO COAL, NO GAS CAMPAIGN

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"I think I was the first one at the church in Ayer," said Alyssa Bouffard, 32. She grew up in Marlborough, Massachusetts, and now lives in Medford. Last summer she got involved with Extinction Rebellion but is still exploring, helping form an affinity group with the No Coal, No Gas campaign.

"People started showing up from all these places, and everyone was so open and welcoming and positive, even though what we were doing was in the face of something so upsetting.

"That day and night, there was so much waiting and waiting and then sleeping but not really sleeping. We had gone to try and sleep in the church sanctuary and woke up when we got a message that the train had started moving from Worcester. OK, this is really happening. Get your stuff together. Put your vests on. And then we got a message saying, 'This is it! Let's go!' And everyone just booked it out the door, and we were just going up the tracks, and it was freezing and it didn't matter.

"Those train lights are bright. Not being able to see the person in the train and wondering, 'Are they mad at us?'—it felt a little weird. Like, 'OK, this is a really big train, and we're not that many people, but we're stopping it, and we're holding it.' It felt good, like, 'Whoa, the train is stopped.'

"I feel like, yeah, I'm willing to stand in front of a coal train, because what do I have to lose right now? I don't care what they do to me. Like, this is necessary. And yeah, I think I've moved from being so sad that I can't even function to like, 'What the fuck? This is absurd.' I can't just sit by and watch it happen anymore. We have to do this. This is what needs to be done."

"Eventually we will reach a point… where there's no jail sentence that's going to get people to just go quietly to their own destruction."
—Tim DeChristopher

Not backing down: Coal train blockaders sit on a metal scaffold on the tracks in Harvard, Massachusetts, January 2, 2020.

Harvard, Mass., January 3, 2020

After an attempt at another blockade in West Boylston on December 16, when the railroad recklessly refused to stop the train despite an emergency call and multiple flaggers [see my report for TheNation.com, December 20, 2019], the campaign regrouped with a successful blockade on December 28 in Worcester. The police arrived quickly and arrested 10 blockaders, after which the train continued on its way.

On the night of January 2–3, the campaign escalated. Previously it carried out only soft blockades—that is, people standing on the tracks using only their bodies. This time, on a wooded stretch of track in Harvard, south of Ayer, blockaders erected a 16-foot-tall, three-level metal scaffold onto which four of them climbed, prepared to stay. Those three men and one woman, ages 21 to 50, kept the train at bay for eight hours before being "rescued," handcuffed, and taken to jail. All four received a felony charge. Boston TV news crews flocked to the scene. This time a network helicopter hovered overhead.

* * *

"I was up on the scaffolding, and the cops rolled up, and the first one there looked up at this structure and was like, 'Oh, my God—uhhh, what are we going to do now?'" said Tim DeChristopher, 38. A climate dissident with deep experience in nonviolent resistance, DeChristopher cofounded the Climate Disobedience Center in 2015 and now lives in Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

"I felt like, 'OK, now we're in a position of some leverage.'

"One of the firefighters, the first thing he said when he walked up was, 'Wow, they actually took the time to set this thing up right.' I appreciated that statement. I kept trying to emphasize that the situation was safe with us up there—no one was in physical danger—but that to get us down potentially could increase people's physical danger. And at one point, I was talking about public safety, and one of the cops said, 'But we also have a responsibility to protect private property, and you're blocking this trainload of coal.' And I said, 'Well, is there a ranking of priority between protecting the safety of human beings and protecting private property?' And he said, 'Yes, the safety of human beings always comes first.' And so I kept saying, 'Why can't you just leave us up here in the name of public safety?' 'Well, we just can't do that.' Ultimately, the chief made the call to prioritize the profits of the coal industry and the railroad.

"I think the further we get into the climate crisis, eventually we will reach a point where people are not going to be scared out of trying to defend a livable future for themselves and the people that they care about. Where there's no jail sentence that's going to get people to just go quietly to their own destruction, and where the power of the state can no longer make people compliant. With every passing year, with every new wildfire and hurricane, it becomes more and more insane to think that people are just going to give up or back down and allow this to continue on the path that it's on." ■

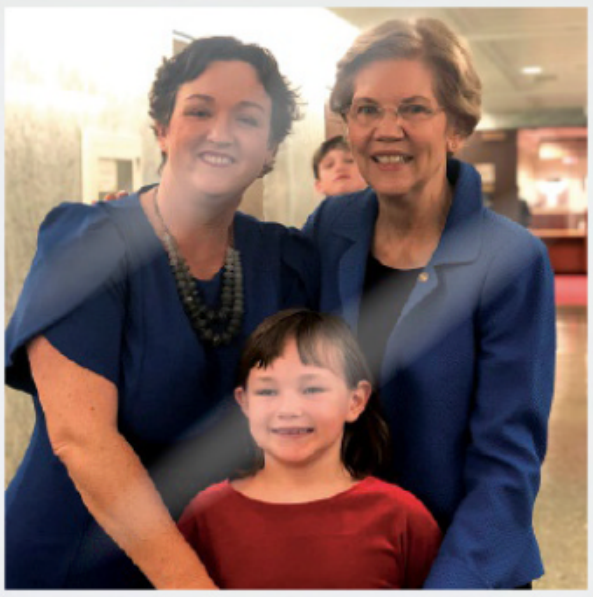
NO COAL, NO GAS CAMPAIGN

How to Change the Face of Congress

Irvine, Calif.

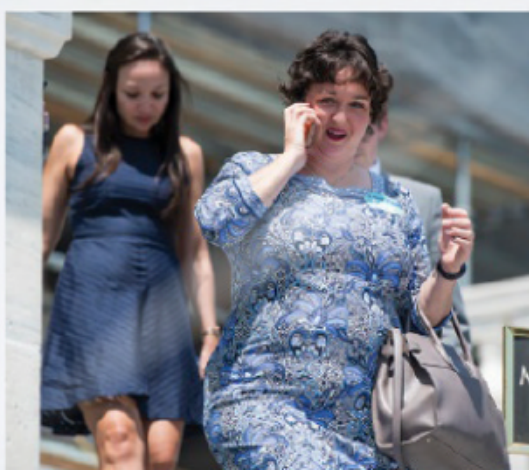
REPRESENTATIVE KATIE PORTER, A single mother of three children 8 to 14 years old, hopes for the day when no one asks her or anyone else, "How do you *do* it?"

Porter is the first single mother in Congress raising young children. Her most significant opponent today may be the calendar. The morning we met, her flight back to DC was canceled. And



Representative Katie Porter wants to make it easier for other single moms to serve in Congress.

by MARISA AGHA



she has to coordinate her congressional schedule with school breaks, parent-teacher conferences, scout meetings, guitar lessons, and more.

To make it easier for more single parents to serve as congressional representatives and to encourage more people to run for office whose life experiences reflect those of the people they represent, Porter has proposed potentially game-changing legislation that could transform the face of Congress. The Help America Run Act, which passed the House in October with bipartisan support and was introduced in the Senate the same month, would allow working parents running for office to use campaign funds for health insurance premiums and child, elder, or dependent care while campaigning. The use of campaign money for child care was a gray area until 2018, when the Federal Election Commission ruled that a congressional candidate could use funds in such a way while she was running. Additionally, Porter is working with colleagues to make the congressional calendar more family-friendly by lessening the time members spend commuting between DC and their home districts and increasing the time spent with constituents and family.

Blazing a trail: Liuba Grechen Shirley, with her son while on a break from shooting a campaign ad, successfully petitioned the FEC to rule that candidates may use campaign funds for child care.

Despite the record gains by female candidates in the 2018 midterm elections, women make up just 24 percent of Congress—still far below their 51 percent of the US population, according to the Pew Research Center. "Even with this progress, we're not even at half," Porter said. "Until we change some of the structures of the institution in the same way that we see private employers change some of the structures of work, we're not going to see fast progress."

In the past year, Porter, 46, has emerged as an independent and influential voice in Congress. She was one of the first Democrats who flipped a Republican district in November 2018 to call for Donald Trump's impeachment. Her forceful questioning during congressional testimony—of bank CEOs like Jamie Dimon of JPMorgan Chase, whom she pushed on pay disparity; Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Ben Carson, who thought Porter was asking about Oreo cookies when she used the term "REO" (or "real estate owned" in property parlance); and Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg, whom she grilled about user privacy practices and labor conditions for contractors who monitor the most gruesome content on the platform—has highlighted her skill in asking hard-hitting questions that go viral. A Harvard Law School graduate, Porter taught consumer bankruptcy and mortgage foreclosure law at the University of California, Irvine, School of Law before entering Congress.

And she's been a pack leader for 70 Cub Scouts—a role that requires a keen knack for scheduling. "I made our calendar for 2020 in August," she said.

"It's just very hard to balance the expectations that women are wives and mothers with the demands of an American-style legislative run and career."

—Frances Rosenbluth, political scientist

Marisa Agha is a journalist based in Southern California.

About 60 women gathered shortly after 7 AM on an early November day at Porter's old Irvine stomping ground for a breakfast of the Orange County chapter of the nonpartisan National Association of Women Business Owners. The attendees, some of whom lean Republican, cheered and applauded her like a rock star when she spoke about the rising costs of child and health care. "The fact that she's an everyday woman, she's a working mom—that gives me a lot of confidence as a woman that she understands and she cares," said Ailene Dewar, a small-business consultant who was there. Dewar registered as a Democrat last year after more than 30 years as a Republican because of the GOP's support for Trump and his impact on the public discourse. "She's so good at framing the conversation so that it is a good bipartisan conversation," Dewar added. At the breakfast, Porter also stressed the need for affordable housing and talked about the harmful consequences for working families of capping the annual federal deduction for state and local taxes at $10,000. She wants to repeal the limit, which took effect in 2018 as part of Trump's tax bill.

Porter is the first Democrat to win a House seat in California's 45th Congressional District since its creation in 1983. Located about 40 miles southeast of Los Angeles and including part of Orange County, the district is a mix of business parks, universities, technology firms, freeways, and unexpected patches of bucolic woods and farms. The population is 62 percent white, 25 percent Asian, and less than 2 percent black; 20 percent identify as Hispanic. The median household income is more than $100,000 a year.

While other lawmakers sent surrogates, Porter was the only member of the region's congressional delegation to attend the breakfast herself, said Katie Adams Farrell, the president of the association's Orange County chapter. Other local and state officials spoke, but Porter was clearly the event's headliner. "It's inspiring to see a woman who is standing up for what she believes in," Adams Farrell said. "She's absolutely a role model."

Porter drew what may have been the loudest applause at the breakfast when she spoke about her proposed Family Savings for Kids and Seniors Act, which would more than double the pretax amount that families can set aside for child and elder care in flexible spending accounts, from $5,000 to over $11,000. The figure has not changed since the Reagan era.

Representative Jaime Herrera Beutler, a Republican from Washington state, is cosponsoring the bill. "The skyrocketing cost of child care is a crisis for families in Southwest Washington, and across the country," she said

PREVIOUS PAGE: BOTTOM LEFT, JOSE LUIS MAGANA / AP; BOTTOM RIGHT, BILL CLARK / *CQ ROLL CALL* VIA AP; ALL OTHERS, KATIE PORTER FOR CONGRESS. THIS PAGE: MICHAEL NOBLE, JR. / *THE WASHINGTON POST* VIA GETTY IMAGES

in an e-mail. "Caring for a child or an aging parent costs a significant amount of money, and can be a heavy load for working families to carry."

Herrera Beutler, who gave birth to her third child last year, praised Porter's Help America Run Act. "It's important Congress continues to have a diverse perspective at the table influencing policy," she said. "Congress should make it easier for more mothers of young children to run for office, and the Help America Run Act is one way to do that."

Not surprisingly, Porter shares sensibilities about the financial challenges facing working families with her law school mentor Elizabeth Warren, whom Porter has endorsed for president. Porter said she remembers visiting Warren when one of Porter's children needed a diaper change. Warren quickly volunteered that she had spare diapers. "Elizabeth was really there for me as I tried to juggle being a mom and working," Porter said. "She's been there—she's been a working parent."

Porter's road to Congress involved starting her day at 5 AM to make fundraising calls to the East Coast for the campaign, getting her kids to school by 8:30 AM, and lots of coordinating with different nannies as she juggled family, campaign events, and work as a law professor. "I had multiple people. I had someone for the morning. I had someone for the afternoon," she said. "With the campaign, it's the odd hours. It's a combination of long hours, an uncertain schedule, the intensity, the travel."

Her experience and that of Liuba Grechen Shirley, who ran for Congress from New York in 2018, inspired Porter to craft the Help America Run Act so future candidates with young children would know more clearly how they can use campaign funds. Grechen Shirley appealed to the Federal Election Commission when she realized taking her children, then ages 1 and 3, along for the full-time job of campaigning wouldn't work and that the cost of child care was too high for her family. The issue had not come up since 1995, when Representative Jim McCrery, a Republican who represented Louisiana's Fifth District, said he needed his wife, who cared for their son, on the campaign trail. He asked the FEC if he could use campaign funds to pay for child care when his wife campaigned for him. He prevailed with the commission and in his reelection bid. Without urging from Grechen Shirley, former presidential candidate Hillary Clinton wrote a letter supporting her effort. The FEC ruled in Grechen Shirley's favor, making it permissible for candidates for federal office to use campaign funds for child care during campaign activity.

Grechen Shirley lost the race for Representative Peter King's seat, but she soon founded Vote Mama, a political action committee to help support Democratic women with children under 18 as they ran for office, from school boards to the US Senate. "We're missing out on the voices of people who understand the issues that most Americans are living with," she said. "I just think it's important to normalize what it looks like for a mom to run. We need to change who has a seat at the table."

"Until we change the structures of [Congress] in the same way that we see private employers change the structures of work, we're not going to see fast progress."

—Representative Katie Porter

Going viral: Porter established a reputation for posing tough questions during congressional hearings, including to Mark Zuckerberg and Jamie Dimon.

TOM WILLIAMS / *CQ ROLL CALL* VIA AP IMAGES

King recently announced he will not seek reelection. Though Grechen Shirley said she won't run to succeed him because she's expecting her third child (due two months before the primaries), she plans to continue her work with Vote Mama to make it easier for mothers and pregnant women to run.

Since the ruling, some states—including Utah, New York, and California—have passed laws supporting the use of campaign funds for child care. Porter's bill, if enacted, will codify the FEC ruling and expand it to cover elder and dependent care and health care premiums.

"There were colleagues of mine who went without health insurance while they were candidates," Porter said. Once in Congress, she had to wait nearly a month before congressional health insurance could take effect for her family. "The response was to go on my husband's health insurance," she said. "Well, I don't have a husband." Porter, who is divorced, timed her last day at UC Irvine so she could keep her health insurance from the university for her children and herself during that period.

The proposed legislation could help attract more women, particularly working mothers, to run for office, said Frances Rosenbluth, a professor of political science at Yale University. "It's a step in the right direction." Her research has not found that voters discriminate against female candidates; in fact, voters say they feel positively toward candidates who are mothers. But they also want representatives who can put in long hours to get the job done and gain seniority, and few women want to run under these conditions, she said. "It's just very hard to balance the expectations that women are wives and mothers with the demands of an American-style legislative run and career," Rosenbluth continued. Women candidates "are up against something that male candidates don't have to think about."

But once a woman with children gets elected to Congress, the unpredictability of the schedule can be almost as big an obstacle. A 12-hour day is a good one—they're often longer. Congress meets throughout the year to vote on legislation, and lawmakers have to be ready for the unexpected, like last year's government shutdown, which required members to travel repeatedly back to Washington for votes to fund the government, or the recent House impeachment hearings. Porter commutes 19 hours round trip for her visits with constituents and her duties in DC. Her children and their nanny moved to Washington with her last fall, but they have since moved back to Irvine. After the move to DC, Porter said, "I'm trying it. I'm doing what families do." The cancellation of her flight that morning, this time due to bad weather in Chicago, was a familiar frustration. "I've had to do this so many times," Porter said. It's been hard, she added, but she's determined to make both running for and serving in Congress more family-friendly.

"We should have the freedom and the flexibility to allow members of Congress to make the child care and living arrangements that let them best do this job," she said. ■

The Nation.

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(continued from page 2)

as a historically universal rather than specific program and fails thereby to distinguish between sometimes contradictory elements of past progressive economic politics. At times, monopolies have delivered benefits to some workers. The New Deal state attempted to control concentration while relying on it for this end. Admitting this wouldn't bind Stoller to a pro-monopoly position, only a historically accurate one.

Stoller rejects any distinction—much less antagonism—between labor and small property. The historical bases of the workers' movement and the anti-monopoly movement, respectively, these social groups diverged increasingly over the last century. *Goliath*, however, depicts workplace exploitation and unfair competition as identical. Stoller's rendering of the A&P fight in his letter misinterprets his own evidence in that regard. *Goliath* shows that, under anti-monopoly pressure in the 1930s, the retailer struck a quid pro quo with labor: Unionists "praised chain stores" and "attacked" small businesses. Labor leaders later "deluged the Truman administration, voicing opposition to [its] antitrust suit" against A&P. Eventually, A&P succumbed anyway, losing its market dominance; labor fell with it. Stoller scores it as a victory for the people at large.

In fact, the New Deal's two most important unionists, John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman, viewed excessive competition in their industries—coal and garments—as a source of misery. (*Goliath* mentions the Congress of Industrial Organizations once, incorrectly calling it a "labor union"; Lewis once; and Hillman never.) Oddly, *Goliath* cites workplace disasters in these cutthroat industries as evidence that monopoly hurt workers. Tailors and miners, meanwhile, fought and died demanding greater economic coordination, even nationalization. "One can hear the footsteps of the Deliverer—if only he listens intently," Hillman wrote. "Labor will rule, and the world will be free." He didn't mean Louis Brandeis.

Without disambiguating popular social interests, *Goliath* cannot explain why the New Deal order fell. No one denies the reach of Chicago School ideas. The unanswered question is why those ideas became politically potent when they did. Similarly, anti-monopoly clearly isn't identical to white supremacy; there were Northern liberal antitrusters. But its mass base was the white South, where an alliance between small property and white supremacy dominated. In 1930, for example, a grand titan of the Georgia Klan warned of "an oligarchy [of] centralized wealth" and inveighed against "atheism, communism, [and] chain stores"—positions widely echoed among leading Jim Crow politicians. Anti-monopoly isn't intrinsically racist, but it was interwoven with racist rule. Antitrust would benefit from acknowledging rather than sidestepping this fact.

I frequently read Stoller's business writing and find it informative. And I don't doubt his desire for a better world. But there's no single lever to pull, only the work of social and political struggle. The solidarity to sustain such struggle cannot be assumed. It must be constructed from the particularities in which we live—a task we will accomplish only if we face differences honestly.

Gabriel Winant
somerville, mass.

A BUNDIST RALLY IN BRUSSELS, CIRCA 1935
(FROM THE ARCHIVES OF YIVO, THE INSTITUTE FOR JEWISH RESEARCH, NEW YORK)

A TENSE RELATIONSHIP

The vexed history of Zionism and the left

by JOSHUA LEIFER

That Zionism and the left were once on better terms is by now a familiar story. In the years after the Holocaust, leftists in Europe and the United States supported Israel's founding. The Soviet Union was an early backer and enabled the provision of crucial military aid during the 1948 war (though the Soviets soon switched to backing Israel's Arab adversaries). Labor Zionism, the ideology of the kibbutzim, spoke of building a model socialist society, and many radicals in the West saw Israel as proof that a socialism gentler than the Soviet variety was possible. Under David Ben-Gurion and his successors, the country's hegemonic political culture—that of its political and military elite—was expressly secularist and socialist, though more *völkisch* than Marxist. As late as 1972, Prime Minister Golda Meir was feted by her comrade leaders in Vienna at the 12th Congress of the Socialist International.

Such good feelings were not to last. Things changed—and quickly. Starting in the late 1950s and early '60s, radicals in the West began to redirect their attention and allegiance to the anti-colonial movements taking wing in Algeria, Cuba, and Vietnam. Israel, which had partnered with the old European powers in the 1956 Suez Crisis and then with the United States in the 1960s, fell on the wrong side of these revolutionary struggles. The war of 1967 and its outcome only hardened this view. Now Israel occupied the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights, the West Bank, the Sinai Peninsula, and East Jerusalem. The dispossession and colonization of

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the Palestinians began much earlier, of course, but for many on the left, 1967 cast Israel-Palestine in a new light. Israel was now the oppressor, the Palestinians now the oppressed. "In a generation," Edward Said observed, "the Israelis had been transformed from underdogs into overlords."

But it was not simply that radicals in the West gave up on Israel; Israel also moved to the right. Victory in the Six-Day War, as Amos Oz later recalled, unleashed "a mood of nationalistic intoxication, of infatuation with the tools of statehood, with the rituals of militarism." Rather than subsiding, this mood became part of the general attitude of a country engaged in perpetual occupation and war. In 1977, the election of former Irgun commander and right-wing revanchist Menachem Begin ended nearly three decades of uninterrupted Labor Zionist rule. Since Begin's election, Israeli politics have swung further rightward. Labor Party leaders have led the country for less than eight years total since 1977—Shimon Peres for roughly three, Yitzhak Rabin (assassinated in 1995 by a right-wing extremist) for slightly longer, and Ehud Barak for less than two.

Israel transitioned from a semi-corporatist social democracy to a neoliberal economy, as well. Labor, like many social democratic parties at the time, moved away from its socialist roots, embracing austerity and economic liberalization. Peres and Rabin oversaw the privatization of state-owned industries and limitations on the power of the country's trade union federation. The kibbutzim were privatized and converted into Jews-only gated communities. The country's leaders began to speak less about building a *hevrat mofet*, a model just society, and more about a so-called start-up nation specializing in high-tech exports and cyberwarfare. Decades of military rule in the West Bank, combined with the failure of the Oslo Accords and the violence of the second intifada, seemed to remove peace from the national political vocabulary. Perhaps no figure exemplifies these changes better than Benjamin Netanyahu, a commando turned management consultant turned prime minister—and Israel's longest-serving premier.

How Zionism and the left came to be so at odds is the subject of Susie Linfield's most recent book, *The Lions' Den*—a work, she explains, aimed at reckoning with her "double grief." "First," she writes, "I am grieved by the contemporary Left's blanket hatred of Israel…. Second, I am grieved by the trajectory of contemporary Israel." For

The Lions' Den
Zionism and the Left From Hannah Arendt to Noam Chomsky
By Susie Linfield
Yale University. 400 pp. $32.50

her, however, the first grief is far more the subject of the book than the second. A collection of profiles of intellectuals who debated "the Zionist Question" in the second half of the 20th century—Hannah Arendt, Arthur Koestler, Maxime Rodinson, Isaac Deutscher, Albert Memmi, Fred Halliday, I.F. Stone, and Noam Chomsky—*The Lions' Den* devotes only cursory attention to Israeli history and politics. Instead, it's an extended critique of what Linfield considers the shortcomings in many of these intellectuals' views on Israel, in particular, their reluctance to criticize Palestinians as stridently as they do Israelis. She is also critical of how their ambivalence (and occasional hostility) toward Zionism and Israel have become central to the politics of the contemporary left.

If the book has a grand claim or central argument, it is that the left "moved from defining itself as anti-fascist to defining itself as anti-imperialist." As a result, Western leftists, including many of the intellectuals Linfield profiles, abandoned Israel and aligned themselves as "a subsidiary ally" of what she calls "the anti-colonialist struggle." She recognizes that anti-imperialist politics on the left are not particularly new; everyone from Marx and Engels to Luxemburg and Lenin criticized Western empire, and anti-imperialism and anti-fascism have often gone hand in hand. But her main concern is how these intellectuals' embrace of anti-colonialism and their growing criticisms of Israel reflect a significant divergence, in her view, from the left's long-standing commitments and ideals.

Linfield offers detailed, often probing readings of how her subjects adjusted their analyses and ideologies to the complex and ever-shifting political terrain of Israel-Palestine. Yet the cumulative effect is to call into question her overarching claim. Rather than elucidate the reasons the left and Zionism suddenly parted ways, her profiles reveal the tensions that have long existed between Zionism's exclusionary nationalism and the left's egalitarianism and internationalism. It is not that the left suddenly abandoned Israel and Zionism but rather that left-leaning intellectuals (though not all of Linfield's subjects are "of the left") have struggled to reconcile themselves to the injustices that the founding of Israel entailed.

Linfield charges that these intellectuals, unlike the liberal Zionists with whom she identifies, have refused or failed to understand Israel-Palestine without ideological distortions—which for her means that they did not find the Palestinians just as deserving of their opprobrium. For Linfield, this is not because of a sensitivity to relations of power, a commitment to principles of anti-oppression, or even her mostly Jewish subjects' anger about the nature of a state that claimed to speak on their behalf. Instead, she argues, it is because of their blind adherence to "dogmatism, fantasy, and manipulation" and their failure to abide by what she calls, somewhat condescendingly, "the reality principle."

Cloaking false equivalences and ideology in the language of realism has long been a hallmark of liberal Zionist argument. Liberal Zionists often insist that one cannot condemn Israeli militarism and occupation without an equivalent condemnation of Palestinian rejectionism and irredentism, and they generally maintain that the two-state solution is the only realistic and desirable outcome for Israel-Palestine. They have held to this line even as the two-state solution has become ever more unlikely, and they have done so by eliding the differences in power between occupier and occupied.

Linfield wants to position herself among those brave realists who are willing to criticize both sides in equal measure and are equally committed to a two-state solution. Yet in doing so, she demonstrates precisely what she finds objectionable in her subjects: a "readiness to substitute ideology [and] wishful thinking…for reality." *The Lions' Den*, it turns out, is less about how the left fell out of love with Zionism than about how liberal Zionists, wedded to their own illusions, fell out of love with the left.

Linfield begins *The Lions' Den* with a lengthy chapter on Hannah Arendt. The German-Jewish thinker, as Linfield notes, "came to politics through Zionism and to Zionism through Hitler." Arendt, notably, never identified with the left, but Linfield nonetheless uses

her story to narrate how a major postwar thinker fell out with Zionist politics. In the 1930s, Arendt worked for a group called Youth Aliyah, which took young Jewish refugees to Mandatory Palestine, before fleeing to the United States in 1941. Her early Zionism was born of a frustration with what she perceived as the Jewish people's collective refusal to act as agents in history and to defend themselves as Jews. (The willed powerlessness of Jews would remain a preoccupation of hers throughout her life.) But if in the run-up to World War II, Arendt embraced a Zionism of necessity, her commitments shifted during and after the war. Facing Europe's destruction, she concluded (wrongly) that the era of the nation-state had ended and that a sovereign Jewish nation-state in the Middle East was a belated, utopian ideal that could not guarantee Jewish safety. For Arendt, a binational commonwealth or federation in Mandatory Palestine was the only way to avoid a new cycle of protracted bloodletting. She saw in political Zionism not only acquiescence to the idea of anti-Semitism as an eternal, immutable force in the world but also an ideology that had internalized, even to an extent accepted, some of the Nazis' depictions of European Jews.

For Linfield, Arendt's criticism of Zionism and post-1948 Israel offers "a warning—though not against Zionism or the nation-state, as she thought and as her contemporary admirers believe." Instead, it exemplifies the perils of "imposing abstract political theories, even brilliant ones, on a distinct political problem." Linfield argues that Arendt's analysis is marred not only by her "extreme contradictions" but also by her having "retreated into political sentimentality and magical constructs": her hope for a post-nation-state arrangement and her belief that the competing territorial claims of Arabs and Jews could be reconciled in a federal or binational state. To criticize a thinker like Arendt for being an insufficiently hard-boiled state strategist perhaps misunderstands the function of Arendt's kind of writing, for she was concerned with the ethical consequences of Zionism. But for Linfield, it is ultimately indicative of what she finds troubling with the left's approach to Israel and Zionism more generally, the desire to "impose" theories on the realities of Israel-Palestine.

From Arendt, Linfield moves to Arthur Koestler in what is arguably the book's best chapter. Born in Budapest in 1905, Koestler was a journalist, novelist, and peripatetic revolutionist. He was also a man who, in the words of historian Timothy Snyder, "exposed his mind and body to the fearful spectrum of twentieth-century ideology like a healthy man volunteering for a life of radiation therapy." As a student in Vienna in the 1920s, Koestler joined a right-wing Revisionist Zionist fraternity that wore military uniforms and challenged proto-fascist Austrian nationalist clubs to duels. He became a fervent follower of Revisionist leader Vladimir Jabotinsky and, after graduation, Jabotinsky's personal secretary. Koestler moved to Mandatory Palestine to live on a kibbutz in the Jezreel Valley and hated it. He returned to Europe, arriving in Berlin in 1930, where he joined the Communist Party. By 1940, he had left the party and written *Darkness at Noon*, his classic novel set during the Stalinist show trials and written from the perspective of a condemned Old Bolshevik. He then became a fervent anti-communist and returned to Zionism.

Linfield charts Koestler's "Damascene-like reversals" with sensitivity and skill. Chronicling his journey from Revisionist Zionism to communism, anti-communism, and then a late obsession with speculative histories about the origins of the Ashkenazi Jews, she situates Koestler's relationship to Zionism within a far wider history, one that includes many of its ideological rivals and that restores a degree of historical specificity to a set of ideas that contemporary debates too often lack.

Unlike Arendt, whose relation to Zionism was mainly that of an engaged critic, Koestler was, for a time, a true acolyte, and so it is through him that Linfield most directly deals with canonical Zionist ideas, thinkers, and texts. Considering H.N. Bialik's poem "In the City of Slaughter," which he wrote after the 1903 Kishinev pogrom, she observes how the idea of *shlilat ha'golah*—the Zionist notion that Jewish emancipation would come only through the negation of diaspora Jewry—ran throughout Zionist writings at the turn of the century. She does not shy away from detailing the enormous condescension, even disdain, with which figures on both the right and left flanks of Zionism viewed their fellow Jews. She also gestures toward why, for many European intellectuals, Zionism proved so difficult to disentangle from or fully embrace. As Europe's skies darkened, Zionism proposed that Jewish settlement in Palestine could end two millennia of Jewish dispossession and subjugation, that a Jewish state could provide *the* answer to the Jewish question. The emergence of a Jewish state, however, marked the failure of the early Zionists' very proposition; instead of solving the Jewish question once and for all, Israel's founding ensconced it in the realm of geopolitics.

The chapter on I.F. Stone, the intrepid American journalist, is another of Linfield's strongest profiles and picks up on the paradoxes of Zionism and the challenges they posed to those who remained on the left in the postwar years. Like Koestler, Stone was born in the early years of the 20th century, and his biography maps onto the American Jewish experience in ways that parallel Koestler's European one. Like many Jews of his generation, he shifted from a Yiddish-inflected Popular Front leftism that saw Jewish liberation as part of the broader international struggle for working-class liberation to an urgent Zionism of necessity at the end of World War II. In his 1947 *Underground to Palestine*, he joined Holocaust survivors in their harrowing boat trip from displaced persons camps in Europe to British-controlled Haifa and came to see Israel's creation as integral to Jewish security. In the postwar years, however, his narrative diverged from Koestler's. Stone never renounced his socialism, but he became increasingly critical of what Zionism came to look like in practice. Writing shortly after the 1967 war, Stone lamented the rising militarism and "Lilliputian nationalism" of Israeli culture, which he believed were at odds with his universalist Jewish leftism.

Despite her clear respect for Stone, Linfield is unsparing on this last turn in his political trajectory. She diagnoses him as a victim of "a narcissistic fallacy: the belief that everyone shares your essential aims and worldview" and chastises him for being unable to see "that many Palestinians, and their allies in the Arab world, did *not* want peace—though he accused Israeli leaders of precisely that." Stone, Linfield charges, "failed to engage, or even notice, the irredentist strain of the Palestinian movement and the larger Arab world." Though she may have other left-wing writers of the period in mind, these denunciations of Stone don't quite hold up to scrutiny. Stone, after all, criticized the refusal among some circles of Arab activists to engage with Israel, and in his 1967 review of Claude Lanzmann's special Israel-Palestine issue of *Les Temps Modernes*—which Linfield harshly criticizes—Stone shows a clear understanding of the popular attitudes

toward Israel and Jews in many Arab countries at the time, expressed, as he puts it, in "the bloodcurdling broadcasts in which the Arab radios indulge."

Maxime Rodinson and Isaac Deutscher are treated to similar criticism. Rodinson, born in Paris to Jewish communist parents who were murdered in Auschwitz, was a Marxist scholar of the Middle East and, in particular, Islam. He wrote about Israel-Palestine and Jewish politics and contributed an influential essay to Lanzmann's *Les Temps Modernes* issue—titled "Israel, a Colonial Fact?"—that helped popularize the anti-colonial analysis of Israel-Palestine in Europe and the United States.

Deutscher, born in southern Poland, was an independent Marxist intellectual and former Talmud prodigy whose family, like Rodinson's, was destroyed by the Nazis. Best known for his three-volume biography of Leon Trotsky, Deutscher also wrote several important essays, including reportage, about Israel-Palestine. A committed internationalist, he was never a Zionist, yet nor was he an anti-Zionist. Even in his harshest critiques of Zionism—for example, in a June 1967 interview with the *New Left Review*—he offered insights into Jewish history and suffering with a deep sense of intimacy.

Yet for Linfield, Rodinson and Deutscher are guilty, too, of downplaying Arab opposition and of focusing disproportionately instead on Israeli aggression and the excesses of Israeli nationalism. She writes that "when it came to the Arab world's reaction to the founding of Israel, Rodinson's reasoning went askew"; he blamed the Arab countries' "eliminationist fury" specifically on Israel. Yet this is hardly the impression one gets from Rodinson's work. In *Israel and the Arabs*, for instance, he writes with great awareness of the structural reasons for the reactionary and all too frequently anti-Semitic tendencies in Arab societies at the time. Seeing himself as a friend of Arab liberation, Rodinson sought to aid the Palestinian movement by countering Arab misconceptions and myths about Jews (for example, in his article "Arab Views of the Israeli-Arab Conflict"). Contrary to Linfield's description, Rodinson was not an unreasoning anti-Zionist but rather a committed socialist, internationalist, and atheist who rejected the nationalist chauvinism of Zionism and hoped that it would eventually pass from the scene.

More familiar than any of the book's other subjects with the most conservative, restrictive, and chauvinist forms of Jewish politico-theological expression, Deutscher, when he visited Israel, recoiled from Zionism's "nationalist mysticism…a mysticism which is not free of the old Chosen-People-racialism." He saw in the need for a Jewish state and in its successful creation a terrible tragedy, a reminder that the European working class, in which he had once so deeply believed, not only failed to defeat fascism but also joined in the fascist destruction of Europe and, with it, European Jewry. Israel would remain for him, as he wrote in 1954, a "melancholy anachronism."

Linfield's frustration with the left's criticism of Israel and opposition to Zionism increases as she turns to the post-1967 period. Her chapter on Noam Chomsky—who perhaps more than any other American left-wing intellectual has come to represent the New Left's legacy of anti-imperialism—is the most unduly vicious one in the book. For Linfield, the moral "astigmatism" she ascribes to Arendt, Stone, Rodinson, and

Family Portrait With Enchiladas and a Movie

Picture this: my heart as thick orange as manteca
as we turn on *Twister* for what has to be
the sixteenth time since 1996,

and my parents are tired of it now,
but I really begged for it,
for the sake of tradition;

Helen and Bill embarrassingly in love,
the wind turning in circles
like the witch is at it again:

the Phillip Seymour Hoffman witch, with hair
like herbicide wheat fields,
and a ceremonious voice

that slices right through metal.
When we have enchiladas for dinner,
I can't help it—

I have two, then three,
then four and a half servings
with rice and even the beans

swimming in their curls of gelatinous bacon
and comino; each piece hangs in the stew
like a comma. Like a coconut, dad says

of my eating habits, but I had to save room
for cheese, piled high and sharp, melting right
into my personal nostalgia.

Meanwhile I will celebrate enchiladas:
those mounds of earth
going straight to the confused gut,

the gut with no country. Doesn't Alexa Vega,
the light-skinned Latina from *Spy Kids*,
play the Oklahoma girl who sees her father

Deutscher is even more acute in Chomsky's writing about Israeli militarism, the Palestinian national movement, and Israel's occupation of the West Bank and Gaza.

Linfield opens her chapter by briefly charting Chomsky's political evolution, from his cultural Zionist upbringing—his father was a Hebrew grammarian—to his teenage identification with Hashomer Hatzair, a socialist-Zionist youth movement, to his belief in binationalism until roughly 1975 to his current view that two states remain more realistic than one. And yet this chapter reads less like a survey of Chomsky's views than a frontal assault on them.

At times, Linfield is merciless in her tabulations of what she takes to be Chomsky's damning mistakes, from opposing NATO intervention in the Balkan wars to his various factual missteps over the years. She mocks his pedantic tendencies, the self-referentiality in his books, and most of all what she terms a "crippling ideological rigidity that prevents him from, time and again, apprehending what is happening in the world around him." Chomsky, Linfield charges, is so detached from reality, so buried beneath the reams of his writings that he lives trapped in his own private world—what Linfield calls "Chomskyland." And so pernicious are the intellectual exports of Chomskyland, she continues, that their producer has become a "nightmare" of the American left, guilty of misleading "generations of young people."

The accusation of detachment from reality is one she levies against many of her other subjects: Arendt for her dogged opposition to a Jewish state, Rodinson for his rigid Marxist internationalism, Stone for his humanist wishful thinking. According to Linfield, no one except Albert Memmi, a Tunisian-born French intellectual, and Fred Halliday, an Irish ex–New Leftist, have read reality correctly. But it is in her chapter on Chomsky that the deficiencies of Linfield's overarching project come into clearest view.

To be sure, Chomsky's style and tone can be frustrating. He can be prone to overstatement and oversimplification. On the politics of Israel-Palestine, he is, after all, a popular writer. And as is to be expected of someone who has written for more than half a century, he has made mistakes, political as well as factual, some of them serious. Yet he has also been one of the most consistent opponents of US empire, military interventions, and unjust wars, at times when the cost of doing so was high. Chomsky is perhaps one of the best examples to refute Linfield's repeated claim that the postwar left sacrificed its commitment to equality, anti-capitalism, and anti-fascism in favor of anti-imperialism. If anything, he has embodied the unwavering link between a socialist egalitarianism and an anti-imperialist internationalism when few self-described left intellectuals dared to fly the flag of either. Like Deutscher and Stone, he has consistently emphasized the connection between inequalities of wealth at home and abroad, and he has focused as much energy on exposing the United States' repressive measures against its own citizens as on the US military's violations of human rights and international law overseas.

In the light of history, Chomsky's record—against the Vietnam War, Israel's occupation, neoliberalism, and the surveillance state—outshines those of many of his New Left contemporaries, some of whom, by the 1990s and early 2000s, had embraced so-called humanitarian intervention and championed US war-making

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ascend the F-5 god?
Later played by Helen?!
Her hair is like my sister's—

a sweet, golden brown that confuses people,
but she's the first to rant about white privilege
at dinner, swinging her fork around

like a squall, until you're at one end of the table
only to end up at the other,
exactly like a helpless cow.

Growing up, dad would turn on the surround sound
as we took cover under the colchas,
an average storm outside, our apartment

small, but sonically ambitious,
and the threat not exactly there,
but there all the same.

We've never forgotten what could
have happened and could still happen
at any time, and with no warning

sending us right into that Midwestern debris
where the basements are filled
with strange, blank faces

that rise, heavy as spoonfuls
on spoonfuls of bodies. Does nature think
we're in the way,

or is it trying to solve a curiosity?
Have we been chased into the eye
of the eye? The fat luxury of the eye?

ANALICIA SOTELO

in the Middle East. Far from a nightmare, Chomsky has been among the American left's most consistent moral beacons.

For Linfield, the cases of Arendt, Stone, Rodinson, Deutscher, and Chomsky are all meant to prove that an insufficient realism has led the left to disregard history and even to justify terrorism and illiberalism. In her view, this is what separates Memmi and Halliday—her two heroes in the book—from the rest of her subjects: They "allowed history to *matter*" and "based their political positions on history rather than vice versa." But as one reaches the end of *The Lions' Den*, this assertion becomes not only a platitude but also the mark of an unsteady ideological framework in its own right. All of Linfield's subjects were responding to history, even if their responses do not align with her political preferences and even if, at times, they got their historical moments wrong. While the conviction, shared by Arendt and Deutscher, that the age of nation-states ended in Auschwitz proved to be incorrect, it was based on their histories of exile and dispossession. The same is true for Rodinson's rejection of the idea that Jewish suffering in the Shoah justified the subjugation of the Palestinians; he did not want the memory of his dead parents enlisted in such a cause. Stone and Chomsky, too, are thoroughly historical thinkers who adapted their positions to the Middle East's complex reality.

Indeed, the brittleness of Linfield's Zionist realism is fully evident in the book's final pages, where she is most direct about her criticisms of the left. Realism, in her framework, does not mean fidelity to what has happened on the ground. Rather, it is a set of fixed commitments, far more limited in scope than those the left has traditionally held. In lieu of an egalitarian internationalism premised on solidarity with all those fighting against oppression, Linfield suggests that realistic Western leftists should withhold their solidarity from those whose means of struggle they decry. Instead of recognizing differentials of power as part of any judgment about the legitimate use of force, she proposes that the violence of the oppressor and the oppressed should be opposed "in equal measure." As a result, Linfield's political preferences lead her to see equivalences where none exist and to flatten complicated and evolving relations of power.

The insensitivity of this approach is clearest in her treatment of the Palestinian Nakba, the expulsion of roughly 700,000 Palestinians from their homes by Jewish forces during the 1948 war and thereafter. At various points throughout the book—for example, when she characterizes the Arab world's rejection of partition as "a world-historic mistake of unforgivable proportions"—Linfield writes as if the Nakba were something the Arab states brought on the Palestinians. "It is necessary," she notes, "to document, and condemn, Zionist atrocities during the 1948 Arab-Israeli War," and yet she adds that "there is no use in evading the fact that the war was instigated by five Arab states, which invaded Israel." This is realism as a rhetoric of cruelty: the implication that the invasion of the Arab armies somehow justified the displacement of entire Palestinian cities, like Lydda, or the massacres, like the one at Deir Yassin, that frightened many others into fleeing.

Likewise, when Linfield discusses the situation in Israel-Palestine today, she recognizes that the chances of a two-state solution are slim to none yet then concludes that, regardless of what is realistic, those who advocate a binational one-state solution are living in "cloud-cuckoo-land," a term she borrows from Koestler. She warns her readers in the chapter on Halliday that realism must be "the *assertion*, not the surrender, of humane and even revolutionary values. Realism is what enables those values to move beyond theory into lived actuality; it is the enactment rather than the betrayal of principle." And yet Linfield's own "reality principle" has led her here to suspend the very humanist principles she professes.

Linfield is not wrong that realism raises questions of both principle and necessity when it comes to Israel-Palestine. Today there are two one-state outcomes that appear as likely to prevail as a two-state solution, if not more so. The first is apartheid, the status quo made permanent, a regime that enforces separate legal systems and hierarchies on the basis of ethnoreligious identity and that systematically denies basic rights to roughly half the people living under its control. The second is a single democratic binational state that guarantees equal rights to all people living within its borders. Those who still hold out hope for a two-state solution must at least recognize that it has long ceased to be the most likely outcome, given the facts on the ground—and that if a two-state solution and a democratic binational state both require considerable upheaval, a massive rebalancing of political forces, and sweeping shifts in culture, then neither position can really be called more realistic than the other.

And yet liberal Zionists continue to insist that the only possible outcome is a two-state solution, premised on exclusionary and inegalitarian understandings of citizenship and nationality. This intransigence forces them into ideological contortions: They want to be liberal democrats, and yet they enlist themselves in defense of a country that is currently neither liberal nor a democracy—a country that has codified discrimination against roughly 20 percent of its citizens and that for more than half a century has imposed a brutal military regime on millions of people. They want to be realists, yet what they propose is as much an idealistic fantasy as the binationalism they reject. Linfield defines Zionism as the belief in "a democratic state for the Jewish people," without acknowledging that a Zionist state cannot be both democratic and Jewish if it guarantees differential rights and privileges on the basis of ethnoreligious identity, denies basic rights to millions of people, and carries out policies according to the racist logic of a "demographic threat."

It is a testament to the quality of Linfield's research and prose that *The Lions' Den* is ultimately a valuable book despite itself. Whether inadvertently or not, she has provided an accessible and compelling introduction to the work of an eclectic group of thinkers who grappled, often courageously, with the enduring tensions between their leftist commitments and Zionist sympathies across the tumult of the 20th century. Many of these intellectuals should be better known to English-speaking audiences than they are today. And while there are many voices left out—remarkably, the book doesn't profile a single Palestinian thinker—Linfield has created an anthology of sorts for a new generation of Jews looking to understand how those who came before them criticized Israel, the occupation, and Zionism. They will find much to argue with in *The Lions' Den*. But they will also, if they read carefully, learn a lot from it. ■

PASSENGERS ON THE *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*, 1948 (DOUGLAS MILLER / KEYSTONE / GETTY IMAGES)

COMING HOME

Hazel Carby's personal history of British identity

by GAIUTRA BAHADUR

On June 22, 1948, a refitted German troopship that had once borne Nazi soldiers and Jews fated for the concentration camps landed outside London with an entirely different set of passengers. Aboard the *Empire Windrush* were hundreds of migrants from the West Indies who paid reduced fares, in response to ads from British employers looking for laborers abroad. During a now famous interview from the ship's deck, a newsreel reporter prompted one passenger, Aldwyn Roberts, better known to history as the calypsonian Lord Kitchener, to sing a song he had composed in transit. "London is the place for me," he crooned as the cameras rolled. "I am glad to know my mother country." The ship carried the first large group of West Indians to migrate to Britain, and Lord Kitchener's highly symbolic calypso captured their love for the "mother country" as sons and daughters of its empire, as well as their claim to belong there as British subjects born in British colonies.

Many aboard the *Windrush* were skilled laborers from Jamaica, Bermuda, Trinidad, and British Guiana (now Guyana). But there were also students, wives joining husbands already settled in Britain (many of whom served in the British armed forces during the war), and others who were returning home after a visit to their colonial birthplace. Whether Britain returned their love is arguable, but as the country was in need of workers, it eventually granted "indefinite leave to remain" to those aboard the *Windrush* and the nearly half million other West Indians settled in Britain by 1973. In the years since the ship's arrival, "Windrush" has become shorthand for the pioneer generation of Caribbean migrants who went to the United Kingdom during and after World War II.

That generation's sense of belonging and seven decades of British Caribbean existence were rocked when the British government in 2012 decided to create, in the words of then–Home Secretary (and future prime minister) Theresa May, "a really hostile environment for illegal immigrants." The strategy it embraced was to deport first and hear appeals later. "Go home" vans drove through London in an attempt to frighten people into "self-deporting." New laws and rules required employers, landlords, charities, banks, and the National Health Service to check the immigration status of their employees, tenants, and clients and report back to the Home Office. From the outset, this hostile environment had catastrophic consequences, leading to wrongful deportations, homelessness, and medical crises for many. For the thousands of British Caribbeans who had been living legally in the country for decades, it was devastating. In what became known as the Windrush scandal, they lost their jobs, homes, pensions, health insurance, and right to remain in the country after various bodies reported them for lacking the correct papers.

The problem was that their status as British subjects became outdated with decolonization, and immigration laws tightened, becoming stricter retroactively. Because they lacked passports or naturalization certificates, roughly a tenth of Caribbeans and others from the Commonwealth who had legally settled in the UK were imperiled during the Windrush scandal. Many were forced to search desperately for school records, childhood photographs, `property tax bills, any and every scrap of paper that might attest to their continuous residency in the United Kingdom since their arrival. If they didn't have personal archives, they were compelled to build them in the process of gathering evidence. Yet even with an extensive paper trail to prove their Britishness, some couldn't convince the Home Office. At least 164 people were detained or deported to countries they hadn't seen since childhood or, in some cases, ever. Eleven died after being sent back.

In the spring of 2018, when investigations by *The Guardian* finally made this catastrophe public, David Lammy, a Labour MP

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from London and the son of *Windrush*-era immigrants from Guyana, rose in Parliament to shame and scold the government for its actions. As he recounts in the foreword to *Mother Country* (2018), a gut-wrenching anthology of writing by descendants of the Windrush generation, he had considered beginning his speech with his parents' story of sacrifice and their encounters with racism in the UK, but instead he started with a history lesson to highlight the role of Caribbeans in making Britain. "The relationship between this country and the West Indies…is inextricable," he proclaimed. "The first British ships arrived in the Caribbean in 1623, and despite slavery and colonization, 25,000 Caribbeans served in the First and Second World Wars alongside British troops."

The Windrush story—from the arrival of the first British Caribbeans to the piercing betrayals suffered by their descendants—goes to the existential heart of what it means to be British. Lammy's moment in Parliament pointed to the central dilemma for any descendant of Windrush in telling that story: It is a political one but also one inseparable from personal trauma. In her recent book *Imperial Intimacies*, Hazel Carby, a Windrush descendant, gives us both, narrating the struggle of black Britons to be accepted as British as well as the story of her own mixed-race family extending back to the 18th century. She frames her arguments as Lammy did, in the long arc of history that starts with the British slave trade and continues into the present. Wrestling with the ambiguities of her family history and the correct (as well as bearable) ways to use the personal, she forces us to rethink the very meaning of British identity, for both white and black Britons. One cannot understand British society today without understanding the role that racialization and empire have played in forming it.

Carby, who retired last year as a professor of African American and American studies at Yale, has established herself as a wide-ranging scholar of black masculinity and feminism. Having dedicated her career to examining the art, lives, and ideas of everyone from W.E.B. Du Bois and Miles Davis to Harriet Jacobs, Ida B. Wells, Nella Larsen, and Zora Neale Hurston, she now turns inward and examines the experience of generations of her family, offering us an arresting, courageous, and urgently needed memoir that doubles as social, cultural, and political history. With much of Europe and the United States tilting toward nationalist and anti-immigrant politics and with governments demanding documents and redefining citizenship in countries from the United Kingdom to India, the stakes of Carby's story are high and increasingly global. She and her family were not victims of the Windrush scandal, but the narrative she weaves—one fundamentally about belonging, empire, race, and so-called Britishness—is no less devastating and captures the precarity of brown and black British life, both materially and psychologically.

Imperial Intimacies

A Tale of Two Islands
By Hazel V. Carby
Verso. 416 pp. $29.95

Carby's story begins just before the *Windrush* landed. Born in Devon, England, five months before the ship's arrival, she grew up in London and its outskirts, where her parents had settled after the war. Her father, Carl Carby, was originally from Jamaica, but he didn't talk much about the "difficult times" of his upbringing there and instead spoke mostly of his war years as a flight sergeant in the Royal Air Force. ("It was as if," his daughter quips, "he had been born an airman in the Royal Air Force.") His military service took him to Britain in 1943, and it was there that he met his future wife, Iris, a Welsh Air Ministry clerk, at an RAF dance.

The cultural routines and instructional drills of empire had already given them grounds for intimacy. As Hazel Carby writes, "both of my parents grew up poor on islands more than 4,000 nautical miles apart from each other.… But they were not strange to each other when they met." As schoolchildren, both had recited nationalistic English poems, sung patriotic anthems, and marched in Empire Day school processions. As a result, both felt proud to be British and understood that identity to mean a duty shouldered and a valor demonstrated across the globe.

Their shared British education inculcated a sense that the essence of British character was a beneficent worldliness, even though British colonization was so clearly exploitative and brutal, from the West Indies to South Asia. In fact, Carl Carby felt so British that after Jamaica became independent in 1962, he didn't relinquish his British colonial passport for a Jamaican one. He didn't even attempt to renew his passport to travel abroad until 1978, when he decided to visit some siblings in America. In a case that foreshadowed the systemic Windrush betrayals, a racist Home Office bureaucrat disdainfully swept his documents—his RAF papers and expired colonial passport—off her desk, dismissing them as forgeries and Carby as an illegal immigrant; he was forced to obtain a Jamaican passport so he could travel to the United States. It wasn't until 2004, near the end of his life and after a half century in Britain, that Carby, still asking for "kind consideration," was finally allowed to become a British citizen.

As his ordeal shows and as any victim of the Windrush scandal can attest, documents are a double-edged sword. In the hands of the state, they hold the potential to disenfranchise as much as to validate. Such was the nature of the dossier that Carl Carby gathered over the many years he struggled to gain formal citizenship: his property deeds, his government employee service award, his decades of written petitions. Documents can be as tricky for historians as for migrants. Official records, which so often elide and misrepresent subaltern lives and experiences, have been the handmaiden to empire, indenture, and enslavement. Hazel Carby reads her father's file as a sign of "the shifting racist terrain of the rules and regulations of British immigration." At the same time, she uses these records and countless others she unearthed in libraries and archives in Jamaica and the United Kingdom to help tell her story.

Carby turns to these archives, she tells us, as "a relief" after traversing equally disturbing ground: the terrain of memory, where she goes with her often reticent, ultimately dementia-stricken father and her martyrlike mother, drawn there by "the instinct of a moth flying toward the open flame of their resentments." Memory exposes Carby to her emotions, which she normally kept sequestered from her work, and to the inevitable distortions of people recalling their past. Despite her trepidation, she is able to move deftly between a problematic paper trail and fallible human memory like a tightrope walker navigating a tense thread of colonial exploitation, racist rejection, crushing poverty, inescapable disease, and gender-based violence.

Carby does a lot of actual walking as well. In almost Sebaldian fashion, she goes on exploratory rambles through unfamiliar landscapes in Wales, England, and Jamaica, hoping to recover what is inaccessible to both memory and archive. As the owner of this history, she takes the liberty of engaging in some speculative flights. She imagines herself walking with her grandmother through Bristol, encountering ads for lantern slide shows meant to lure tourists to colonial Jamaica and to boast of Britain's empire. In another fanciful excursion, she imagines the moment an English coffee planter is nagged by his

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Jamaican bedmate into writing their shared children into his will. And to understand her father's "difficult times" on the island, she uses traditional historical sources to place him in the context of Jamaica's hunger marches and anticolonial labor uprisings in the late 1930s, when Carl Carby was a bookkeeper's assistant in a Kingston hardware store. But she can only speculate about his involvement: "There are reports that clerks and shop assistants, gathering on the tops of buildings, clapped their hands for the police as they chased and harassed protestors. Could my father have clapped?" With such high-wire acts of historical imagination, she lends daring to her foray into her family's past.

Carby grounds these moments of speculation and invention in skeptical, careful scholarship, and there is little doubt about the exhaustive and exacting nature of her work, which draws from a vast transatlantic trove of archives. The black presence in the UK during the war, she tells us, included 130,000 American GIs and 15,000 West Indians, in the country either as enlisted servicemen or laborers recruited to keep the munitions factories humming. An entire system of segregation was erected in this period to prevent nonwhites from mingling socially and sexually with whites. Leave passes were granted on alternating days, separate rooms were set aside in pubs, blocs of movie theater seats were reserved by race. The policy was intended to remain unwritten and covert, but traces in the archives run counter to the official story. A high-ranking British general's 1942 "Notes on Relations With Coloured Troops," for example, allows Carby to contest her mother's memory that black and white troops weren't segregated. The general warns white enlisted men against befriending their black counterparts. White women, he instructs, "should not walk out, dance or drink with them."

Carby also uses newspaper articles and other primary sources to document the disparagement, censure, and punishment of white women who rebelled against these rules. Local police arrested couples found in the fields on charges of damaging crops or, if caught on base, of trespass. If the women were troops in auxiliary units, they were reported to their superiors, whose orders forbade speaking to black servicemen. Carby shares a 1944 letter to her mother from a cousin, stationed abroad, belittling the intelligence of black troops and declaring, "How the English girls can allow themselves to be mauled about by them like we read of in the papers beats me."

From the point of view of Iris Carby, neither private nor public papers were necessary to prove the costs of her relationship with her Jamaican husband. No family or friends attended their wedding; passing strangers had to bear witness. And since no landlord would rent to the interracial couple, they lived separately in South London until they could afford a deposit on a house so bomb-damaged that only one room was habitable. The pressures these conditions put on their relationship are close to the surface. The couple eventually grew embittered and estranged from each other. There was physical violence, an attempted suicide, and ultimately a divorce.

For Hazel Carby, however, the steady accretion of documentation deeply matters. Snippets of text, along with images from family albums, century-old tourist postcards from Jamaica, and illustrated cigarette cards from the British Empire's

A Driftless Son

It came to me to sell the family farm,
shift its failures to a man who planned

to occupy the place for recreation,
to hunt the deer that spook and shadow in the pines,

my job to consign to another my granddad's stunted grove
of walnuts planted—against the forester's advice—

with his hired man Tiny, who died
by stepping in front of a train, though first he roped

his dog Bear to a nearby tree, stapling a note
that read "Take Care Off Me." Does anyone

remember this fat fact—a loaf of toast and a dozen eggs
was Tiny's daily breakfast meal? Give it

to me. I'll remember that bit too. I fished
that muddy pond just once, its manurey slurry,

slipped downstream
from the Tulius brothers' hogs,

shot the one buck trophied on my wall
whose crippled hoof had slowed him

dangerously down. In town again
I pulled the locks off all the doors of the barn—

empty now, October now,
the deer not yet come to any harm.

MARK WUNDERLICH

heyday are set off from the main narrative as insets, floating on the page like pastings in a scrapbook. The bricolage includes passages from Virginia Woolf, Shakespeare, and Stuart Hall and excerpts from the British general's admonishing notes and from the British Nationality Act of 1948, which conferred the status of British subject on every person in the empire but reserved the special category of "British stock" for the white ones. With these clippings gathered as evidence, and with *Imperial Intimacies* as a whole, Carby presents a powerful dossier testifying to her Britishness—testifying, in fact, for the many who have had to battle to be seen as British from an early age.

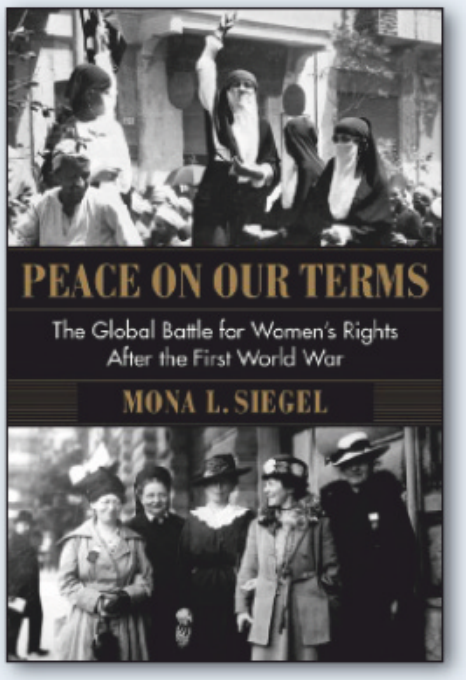
If black servicemen and the white women who loved them were policed and humiliated, their children were treated as a "threat to national cultural identity" and, in the most abject cases, as a baffling social dilemma, a problem best exported if possible. Carby tells of the plight of children abandoned to orphanages while local communities lobbied for them to be adopted abroad, and she discovers that in the year of her birth, welfare agencies handled the cases of 775 unwanted children who had West Indian or African American servicemen as their fathers. She uses archival evidence to expose the "'gentleman's agreement' to prevent mixed marriages" that led to the orphaning of so many children. Social workers and families alike counseled white women against marrying black men, and troops were denied permission to marry by superiors who transferred them away.

In the English countryside near Somerset, Carby walks the grounds of a mansion that once was a home for abandoned mixed-race children, not far from the fields where she used to walk hand in hand with her white grandfather. As she excavates the story of that particular orphanage, she moves between reminiscences of her childhood summers in the area and details from the letters and unpublished autobiography of a local headmistress who wanted to enroll the children in her boarding school. Carby goes so far as to compare family photos of herself with a photo of a girl from the orphanage she finds in *Life* magazine. She sees herself in this girl; each likely had to struggle to be who she was—both brown and British. Rebuffed and contradicted, punched and called "wog" and "half-caste," Carby has written a book for all those whose belonging and whose Britishness have been questioned and all those who have had to "prove" that their mixed identity is not "an impossibility between two mutually exclusive terms" but, rather, an integral and suppressed part of the very story of Britishness.

If one of Carby's coping strategies in *Imperial Intimacies* is to turn to the archives, another is the ability to split herself in two to tell the story of her devastating childhood. She opens the book by invoking a character she calls "the girl" and then narrates her early years in the third person. "Resurrecting the world of this girl," she explains, "is risky for my sense of self, a self which has been carefully assembled out of a refusal to acknowledge or remember." In one compressed passage, an arresting distillation of unforgotten pain, Carby describes the girl's rape at age 9 in the foyer of a white school friend's house. Here, as elsewhere, she wrestles with the idea that the past isn't really past: The inherited traumas of generations—the ghosts of violated enslaved women—ultimately haunt her own trauma. Archives are not enough to escape from this compounded pain.

Imperial Intimacies achieves its full power in these moments when Carby places herself wholly in the narrative. She is not just a scholar but "the girl," both vulnerable and defiant, as well as a daughter in search of her father's past. Looking for his—and her—history in Jamaica, she drives down Kingston's streets to the single-story house in a penitentiary's shadow where Carl Carby was born. She travels through a coastal English village to explore a church of significance to an unexpected ancestor, a poor carpenter's son from that village in Lincolnshire, dispatched as a mere foot soldier to Jamaica in the 18th century, who rose to own a small coffee plantation and who fathered children with some of the enslaved people who worked it.

A conversation with her father leads her to a startling epiphany about this village. Flying back one night in 1944 from a sortie across the English Channel, Carl Carby sought out the beacon of the parish church in order to locate his RAF base. "When he saw its light, my father knew he was home, in England," Carby writes in closing. What her father never knew was that one of his great-great-great-grandfathers, the coffee planter Lilly Carby, was baptized in this very church. By entwining the personal with the political, *Imperial Intimacies* is able to make history's heartbreaking ironies visible. The black airman who fought for the right to be recognized as British was from birth already a son of its soil. ■



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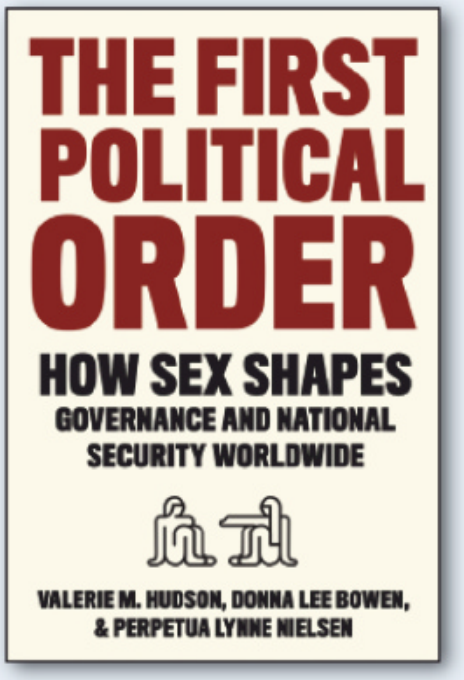
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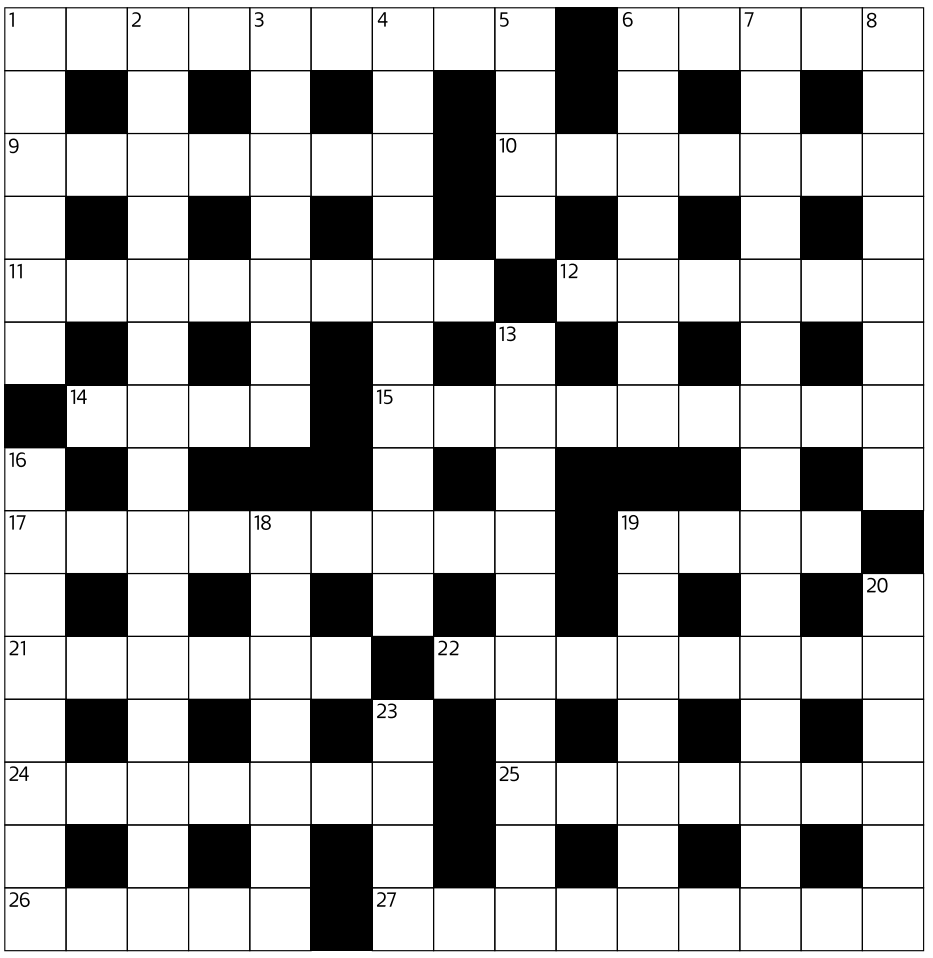


ACROSS

1 Mystery, primarily to a scoundrel: “Am I a nut?” (9)

6 Tailless dog seen east of Georgia range (5)

9 Shocking nude art, like some films (7)

10 Troop buildup involving a couple of planes and heavy expenditure (7)

11 Messy, like a fox eating honey and a piece of nectarine (8)

12 Beware the nurse in a dark space (6)

14 Refuse to accept study? Yes (4)

15 Rob hid strange application in an aviary (9)

17 Feature a pair of attorneys have in neighborhood where many immigrants live (9)

19 Take back kilo in a safe place? (4)

21 Lives on bananas, etc., after first bite of banana split (6)

22 Wealth from nothing? Vice president admits unusual start and finish (8)

24 Salamander can start to outgrow parcel of land before long (7)

25 Zeppelin’s tune is trendy (7)

26 Shadowy blue follows you in Berlin (5)

27 Developed beta failure before withdrawn test version (9)

DOWN

1 Listen to beast getting dessert (6)

2 Quests for automotive skeletons? These have to be reduced immediately! (6,9)

3 Captivated by dull object, that gentleman becomes indecisive (7)

4 Rising society claims: “Be not too bright and only somewhat cultured” (10)

5 Part of church error: missing leadership (4)

6 Giant vandal capturing Ali violently (7)

7 Grace’s endless ecstasy overcomes crafty actor (a bad one) and choreographer (5,10)

8 Hastened reform in high places? (3,5)

13 Elderly relative adopting the author with no musical instrument (5,5)

16 Strikebreaking poet’s case for a weapon (8)

18 Cut of lamb, mostly, with a helping of veal amid unspecified fish (7)

19 A ruble’s dispersed here! (7)

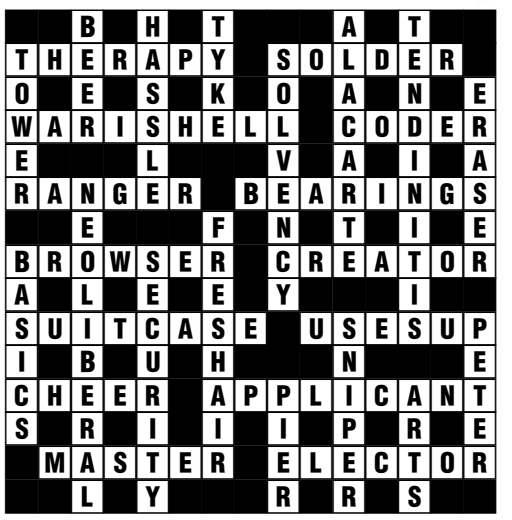
20 On the radio, retain commercial for calculator component (6)

23 Spill a bit of beer on the dog (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3523

ACROSS **6** THE RAP + Y **7** SOLD-ER
9 W + ARI + SHELL **10** COD-ER
11 RANG-ER **13** anag. **15** BROWS-ER
17 anag. **18** rev. hidden **19** US + E + SUP
22 CHE-ER **23** APPL[e] + I CAN’T
26 MAST-ER **27** E(LEC)TOR (rev.)

DOWN **1** BE-ER **2** anag. **3** hidden
4 AL(A CAR)TE[r] **5** TEN (rev.) + DIN + IT IS **6** TOW-ER **7** SOL(V)ENC + Y (*clones* anag.) **8** ERAS-ER **14** F(RESH)AIR (*hers* anag.) **15** anag. (&lit.)
16 SE(C)URITY (*Sue* + *I try* anag.)
20 SNIP-ER **21** PET-ER **24** PI-ER
25 alternate letters



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